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The Nation

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Two Sections

Section One

China Fights Back

By T. A. Bisson

The Opposition in Japan

by Upton Close

Midwinter Book Number

Lytton Strachey

by Joseph Wood Krutch

Articles, reviews, poems by Henry Hazlitt, Clifton Fadiman, Horace Gregory, Abraham Flexner, C. Hartley Grattan, Frances Frost, Matthew Josephson

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WHEN THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE at Geneva opened it was faced with obstacles that seemed virtually insurmountable. To these, at the eleventh hour, was added the Japanese invasion of Shanghai, which so greatly embarrassed the delegates that few dared predict anything but miserable failure for the conference. There is still grave danger of failure, though the Japanese have relieved the embarrassment noticeable at the first session, not by acting sensibly, but by making themselves appear ridiculous. The second session had to be postponed an hour to allow the League of Nations Council time to discuss the events at Shanghai. At the Council meeting the Japanese representative arose and solemnly indorsed international intervention at Shanghai "to protect the Japanese from Chinese aggression." Suddenly, according to Frank H. Simonds, reporting the conference in the *New York Evening Post*, "a low shrill laugh was heard. In a moment almost a hysterical outburst of derisive laughter swept statesmen, diplomats, and audience." What is happening at Shanghai can certainly never be laughed off. But the spontaneous outbreak of bitter laughter that greeted the Japanese representative may serve to clear the atmosphere in Geneva. Having penetrated the all-too-transparent camouflage of Japan's argument, the League may now be able to deal with Japanese aggression in China as justice and international conscience require.

THE FRENCH PROPOSAL for an international police force composed of the heavier armaments of the members of the League of Nations—with the non-member states under the control of a mysterious "international authority"—is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the attitude that armed force keeps the peace. History is full of examples to the contrary—the strongest nation, the nation most completely equipped with armaments and most securely strengthened by allies, is the nation confident enough to venture any war. The French suggestion, however, is entirely consistent with the steadily held French demand for security. By thrusting it at the conference almost before the preliminaries are completed, France evidently hopes to disguise that demand by proposing a gift of security for the whole world. That the proposal has nothing to do with disarmament should be plain to all. It has had a cool reception: England does not welcome the idea of placing its navy under the control of any outside agency; our isolationist Senators refuse to take the plan seriously; Dr. Curtius, former German Foreign Minister, declares that the French wish merely to disrupt the disarmament conference. At that conference the Soviet delegates remain the only champions of complete disarmament, although Signor Grandi of Italy is quoted as urging "the reduction of armaments to the lowest possible level," and the "entire abolition of certain arms." By the proponents of armed security, these positions are generally dismissed as unrealistic, but the French, usually the super-realists of civilization, have this time made a gesture as impossible of realization as it would be ineffectual if it were realized.

TEN MILLION SIGNATURES attest the wishes of their signers that world armaments be substantially reduced. Packing-boxes of petitions containing the hopes of these and many more millions for success to the conference at Geneva were piled about the table in the hall where the delegates are meeting. Eight million women sent their names; 2,500,000 men and women from Holland alone added their pleas; representatives from 25,000,000 Catholic women, representatives of peace organizations with a combined membership of 45,000,000, representatives from 50,000,000 Methodists, from the International Cooperative Alliance, with a membership of 70,000,000 families—each in turn marched up to the peace table and declared the hopes of their several memberships. One wonders just what went on in the minds of the delegates to the conference as they heard these pleas for release from the numbing burden of world arms. Each delegate has his plans, also; each one knows just how far his government is willing for him to go in the direction of limitation of armaments; each one knows what reservations will be made, what limitation of limitation. Each one knows that every country is in the last analysis dominated by fear, and fear demands force to protect it from possible enemies. But every delegate must know also that if these millions who are on record as desiring peace should severally and jointly refuse to participate in the next war, there would be no more wars. The petitioners themselves do not realize their power. Until they do, their petitions remain so much paper in packing-boxes, vague regis-

trations of an attitude wholly just and sound, but ineffective until reinforced by action.

THE APPARENT DETERMINATION of Senator Glass to rush through his banking bill as if it were an emergency measure is unfortunate. There is, strictly speaking, but one provision of the measure that needs to be acted upon quickly. This is the one setting up inside the Federal Reserve system a corporation to liquidate the assets of failed member banks and promptly to pay depositors as large a proportion of those assets as possible. But there is no reason why this provision cannot be passed as a separate measure, leaving other provisions to maturer consideration. *The Nation* has already indicated its sympathy with many of the other provisions of the Glass bill—notably those extending branch banking, removing the Secretary of the Treasury from the Federal Reserve Board, and seeking to control banking affiliates—but other provisions might prove immediately harmful by forcing liquidation of certain types of loans at a time when the business community is least prepared to withstand such liquidation. We need further study, moreover, to know whether the provisions for controlling banking affiliates would really control them or whether they would merely drive some of the large banks out of the Federal Reserve system and under State charters where the law would be ineffective.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, who stood with Wilson in 1920 for the League of Nations and the new internationalism, has now gone over to the nationalists and isolationists. He has turned against the League of Nations, and he insists that Europe must pay its debts. He seems to realize that the trend in American sentiment today is away from Europe, and, if we may take his speech before the New York State Grange at its face value, he apparently means to cater to this growing nationalist sentiment in the hope of catching votes for himself as a Presidential candidate. The League today "is not the League conceived by Woodrow Wilson," he said. "It might have been had the United States joined." But as we did not join, "the League has not developed through these years along the course contemplated by its founder." Therefore, "I do not favor American participation." Just what does this mean? Clearly nothing except that Governor Roosevelt has not the courage to stand out bravely for the internationalism he once sponsored. His attitude on the war debts is equally unrealistic. He would grant the European nations a respite "if it were considered advisable in the present condition of world finance," but he would "insist upon an accord as to when payments should begin and in what amount." The high spot of his address was his denunciation of the Smoot-Hawley tariff, which he correctly pointed out was adding to the cost of living in this country. But instead of urging that the American tariff be reduced, or pledging himself to work to that end when and if he becomes President, he vaguely recommended that an international tariff conference be called.

ALFRED E. SMITH has announced that he is willing to accept the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, "if the Democratic National Convention, after careful consideration, should decide it wants me." This means, in less diplomatic language, that former Governor Smith is now

an avowed candidate for the nomination. It does not mean that he will be nominated or elected. For months the anti-Roosevelt Democrats have been leaderless and planless; they have swung from one candidate to another, from Owen D. Young to Albert Ritchie to Newton D. Baker to John Garner, without being able to crystallize sentiment for any one of them. In consequence the boom for Franklin D. Roosevelt moved steadily forward, until in the last few weeks it began to appear as though the nomination would go to the New York Governor by default. Smith's statement has changed this. Although he said that he would not make a personal campaign to win delegates himself, his announcement was clearly a call to the anti-Roosevelt people to tackle that job for him. It is not likely that he will go into the convention with enough delegates to win the nomination for himself, but there can be little doubt that he will have enough votes to block Roosevelt, if that is his desire, and to veto the nomination of anyone else to whom he might be opposed.

THE OBVIOUS COMMENT upon the transfer of Andrew W. Mellon from the Treasury Department to the Embassy of the United States at the Court of St. James's, is that this is a convenient way to remove from Washington an official long since supplanted by his subordinate, who now succeeds to his position. A long time ago the myth was exploded that Andrew W. Mellon was the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. Our late captains of industry and leaders of Wall Street have forgotten to use this complimentary description of Mr. Mellon ever since the crash of 1929. His administration of the Treasury Department could no better bear analysis than could that of most of the men alongside of whom he has sat during his eleven years in the Cabinet. To pretend that this appointment measures up to the standard set by our ambassadors to London until recent years, is obviously preposterous. Mr. Mellon typifies the successful pursuit of wealth, coupled with the acquisition of some political power in his State and a complete readiness to represent in political life the desires of the masters of America. His successor, Ogden L. Mills, has undoubtedly a more liberal viewpoint, comparative youth, great ability, and the faculty of presenting his views in public with remarkable clarity and force.

Besides "making the world safe for democracy," the most impelling reason why the United States entered the World War was to protect its capital loaned abroad. It had loaned money to the Allied nations, and its arms manufacturing had rolled vast quantities of war materials to be shot by the Allies into Germany, and against the German army, in protecting France and Belgium.

THIS BOLSHEVISTIC UTTERANCE we have clipped straight out of the editorial columns of the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, the organ of big business, the exponent of unrestricted capitalism, of more business in government, and less government in business. This paper is one hundred per cent American and down with all critics of the best social and political system in the world! Yet here it is using exactly the words for which Eugene Debs was sentenced to prison in Cleveland soon after the outbreak of the war. He, too, declared that it was a war by capi-

talists for capitalists and the idea that there was a vestige of idealism about it was a fraud. For that he stayed in jail until Mr. Wilson disappeared from office and a kinder and more humane man, President Harding, took his place. It is true that before his death Mr. Wilson admitted that the war had its origins in economic strife, but never before have we seen such a confession as the one we have quoted right in the citadel of big business. At least it is gratifying now to know that the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* has seen the light and can declare, speaking of the Shanghai situation, "We have no business in this mess except to protect American citizens and treaty rights. We have no business, regardless of sympathies one way or the other, to sell arms and war materials to either Japan or China. . . . One sale of ammunition to either side would make us a potential ally." Shades of the war to end war!

DESPITE THE DISAGREEMENT in its own ranks, the British Cabinet has submitted to the House of Commons a resolution providing for a general tariff. The measure would place a 10 per cent ad valorem duty on all imported goods except raw cotton, raw wool, meats, fish, and wheat. A tariff will be put on wheat later when a quota system, yet to be devised, is adopted. Imports from the British dominions are to be excluded from the provisions of the tariff act pending the outcome of the Imperial Conference at Ottawa in July. Thus does Great Britain formally renounce free trade, for there can be no question that the overwhelmingly Conservative House will approve this measure. In offering the resolution Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that the general tariff would be used for bargaining purposes. Nothing could be more absurd. Does Mr. Chamberlain or anyone else really suppose that this will lead to a leveling of tariff walls? Quite the contrary; other nations will be quick to raise their tariffs so that they will be in better position to bargain with Great Britain. Such bargains at best will mean merely a subsequent return to the present levels. And if the bargains fail, we shall have tariff walls even higher than those which are now slowly choking to death the foreign trade of England and all other protective countries.

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT perhaps that Lithuania should have chosen this particular time for a coup d'etat in the autonomous territory of Memel. This district is a stepchild of the League of Nations. It once belonged to Germany, but under the Treaty of Versailles Germany ceded it to the Allies, who placed it under French administration. Lithuania felt that it ought to have been given to her inasmuch as the port of Memel provides the only ocean outlet for most Lithuanian commerce. On January 15, 1923, the Lithuanians by a surprise attack seized Memel and forced the French garrison to surrender and evacuate. Under an agreement proposed by the conference of ambassadors in Paris and signed in May, 1924, Memel was constituted a unit within the sovereignty of Lithuania. But the city was considered a port of international concern, and therefore it was given a clearly defined measure of administrative and financial autonomy. The President of Lithuania was granted the privilege of appointing the governor of the territory. As the population of Memel is predominantly German, the governing council has been in German hands. But now Lithu-

anian troops have arrested the members of the council, and a Lithuanian directorate has been set up to govern the city. This is clearly in defiance of the 1924 agreement, responsibility for which lies with the League of Nations. It is unlikely that Lithuania would have taken this step had she had any real respect for the authority of the League, but so low has that organization fallen in the esteem of the world, largely as the result of the Manchurian failure, that even minor Powers like Lithuania feel confident that they can with impunity ignore it.

TO GOVERNOR PHILIP LA FOLLETTE goes the honor of being the first Executive to sign a bill setting up a compulsory unemployment-insurance system in America. This will go into effect in Wisconsin next year unless employers in the meantime adopt a satisfactory voluntary plan affecting at least 175,000 workers. Once more Wisconsin, under the La Follette leadership, is in the van of progress. The law requires every employer to set aside 2 per cent of his pay rolls until a fund of \$75 has been built up for each employee. Any employee laid off because of curtailment of work will draw a maximum benefit of \$10 a week for a period of ten weeks. It is obvious that in a crisis like the present such a provision will prove entirely inadequate. The bill is plainly but a beginning. This its sponsors admitted, and they are looking forward to strengthening and improving it as experience in its operation is acquired. The important thing is that a beginning has been made and an example set. It now remains to be seen whether the Industrial Commission to which the enforcement of the statute is committed will discover in June, 1933, that there is sufficiently extensive voluntary insurance to postpone the enactment of the statute, or whether all employers in the State will have to make their first payments under the law in June, 1934.

A STATE SECRET is out at last! When Vice-President Coolidge took the oath ushering him into the Presidency of the United States he stood in the old homestead at Plymouth, Vermont, and with his hand on the family Bible, and by the light of a kerosene lamp, repeated after his own father, a justice of the peace, the significant words. We all read it at the time, and it helped make the picture of the simple, taciturn Yankee, American to his roots, who was to guide the destinies of America. Every rotogravure section of the Sunday newspapers carried affecting pictures of the simple scene, and the little drama was worth thousands of dollars in Presidential human interest. It seems, however, that there is no Santa Claus. For Mr. Coolidge, with characteristic Yankee suspicion, thought perhaps the simple, country oath had been something less than adequate, and two weeks later the oath was privately administered by Justice A. A. Hoehling in Washington, with nobody present but the President and the Judge. It remains a question whether or not, from August 3 to August 17, 1923, we were without a duly sworn President of the United States. Probably the issue will never arise. But the next time we read of the President's grandchildren looking for bears in the White House, or of the puppy which takes liberties with the President's breakfast unrebuked, we shall be frankly skeptical. We have been deceived once. Hereafter an ineradicable suspicion will be a part of our formerly credible nature and salt will be the main article of our diet.

A New Partition of China

JAPAN has proposed a new partitioning of China. She would have five of the principal cities—Shanghai, Canton, Hankow, Tientsin, and Tsingtao—demilitarized and surrounded by neutral zones from fifteen to twenty miles in diameter. The neutrality of these areas would be guaranteed by the foreign Powers; Chinese troops would not be allowed to enter the zones. The extraterritorial rights of foreign residents would be retained in these five cities, though abolished elsewhere in China. Permanent international intervention of this character is absolutely essential, say the Japanese, if China is to have enduring peace and a stable government. Could anything be more fantastic—or more hypocritical?

The Japanese base their proposal on two contentions: first, that the Nine-Power Treaty has failed of its purpose, and, second, that twenty years have passed since the republican revolution and these twenty years have failed to produce peace and stability. Therefore, "it is high time that the Powers do something." It cannot be denied that there has been little peace and stability in China since the revolution of 1911, but can it seriously be argued that by taking over the five principal commercial centers of the country the Powers can insure internal peace? And what assurance does history give us that Japan or any of the other Powers would go about this task sincerely and honestly? None whatever. Indeed, the statement of the Foreign Office spokesman in Tokio clearly suggests the true motive behind the Japanese proposal. The spokesman said that by internationalizing these cities the Chinese war lords would be deprived of their principal sources of revenue and thus could no longer carry on their costly and disturbing civil warfare. Who then would control these revenues? Obviously, the foreign Powers.

It is true that the Nine-Power Treaty has failed, but this failure has not been due to any defect in the treaty itself. The treaty has failed because Japan has smashed it with ruthless military force. The Japanese seek to justify their action in Manchuria on the ground that the Chinese themselves were unable to maintain that measure of stability and administrative integrity which the Washington agreement was supposed to guarantee. Hence the Japanese contend it was imperative for an outside Power to step in and help the Chinese. But this is utter nonsense. The Nine-Power Treaty was adopted in Washington for the very reason that conditions in China were unstable, and therefore it was considered necessary to set up an international guaranty that would protect China against the aggression of another Power which might seek to use the unstable conditions as an excuse for aggrandizing itself. It was deliberately and frankly designed to prevent the very sort of military aggression which the Japanese have undertaken in Manchuria and at Shanghai. Having destroyed the treaty, the Japanese now propose that another shall take its place, and that this new covenant shall legalize Japan's unlawful action in conquering Manchuria and bombarding Shanghai.

But the Japanese scheme has other and perhaps more serious aspects. It openly flouts the historic Chinese policy

of the United States, and it would undo those peaceful efforts (though it must be conceded that all our past relations with China have not been peaceful or entirely unselfish) which we and other Powers have made in the last thirty years to help the Chinese establish an enduring government. We have tried to help the Chinese modernize their court system, and have promised to abolish extraterritoriality when this is done; we have restored tariff autonomy to China; we have encouraged it in its struggle for political stability and independence by recognizing the Nationalist Government and by maintaining friendly diplomatic relations throughout the period of its distress. Now we are called upon to renounce even these efforts, feeble as they are, to assist China. The Japanese would retain extraterritorial privileges for all foreigners in the internationalized cities, though abolishing them elsewhere. But it is just in these cities that the bulk of the foreigners live, and it is against their retention of special privileges that the whole Nationalist campaign has been directed. Do the Japanese propose that we now take away from the Chinese the tariff autonomy we yielded to them only a few years ago? They can have nothing else in mind. The only way the Powers could possibly prevent the Chinese government or the Chinese war lords from obtaining the revenues available in these cities is by collecting the customs duties themselves or by hiring Chinese puppets to do this for them. Furthermore, by thus controlling the chief commercial cities the Powers would in effect be controlling, not the narrow zones that the Japanese suggest be neutralized, but the whole economic hinterland of each city. In brief, the Japanese plan would put virtually all of China—or at least all of it that is worth exploiting—completely under the domination of foreign Powers.

That Tokio has signified its willingness to share the loot with other countries does not make its projected crime any more justifiable or excusable. Clearly the Japanese have taken this attitude only because they have suddenly discovered that the Shanghai situation is more than they can handle alone. At Shanghai they have come into open conflict with the interests of other Powers, and, what is probably more important, they have been rebuffed by the Chinese. To clear the Chinese soldiers out of the Shanghai area they would have to send a large-sized army into China. But that would increase the chances of a clash with the other Powers and therefore the chances of an international war. Though it was not so clear a week ago, it now seems certain that Japan at this time does not want to risk a war against the rest of the world. What could be more reasonable, therefore, than to invite the Western Powers to help Japan accomplish what she apparently set out to accomplish alone? Manchuria presents a different situation. There no other Power—except Russia—has a definite political interest. Hence, say the Japanese, "we can handle that problem single-handed." They are willing to be generous when it comes to partitioning China proper, but Manchuria, which they have been able to steal without direct outside aid, they intend to reserve for themselves.

Christian Science Economics

WHAT is optimism?" Cacambo asks in Voltaire's novel. "Alas," replies Candide, "it is the mania of maintaining that everything is well when we are miserable." This is the definition of Mr. Hoover's official optimism; and that optimism is his chief prescription for getting us out of the world depression. If we could all conspire to have "confidence," we are led to believe, the depression would be over in three months. This theory was never put forward more bluntly than in the President's recent appeal to the public to end currency hoarding. Yet even if the theory were fundamentally correct, Mr. Hoover's appeal, and the ballyhoo conference that followed it, would have been dubious actions. There are few more effective ways of undermining confidence than to tell everyone that a lack of confidence already exists.

The President, moreover, partly through lack of knowledge and partly through lack of candor, has greatly misrepresented the real situation. He maintains that at present more than \$1,300,000,000 of currency is being hoarded. This estimate is apparently based on the figures of Federal Reserve notes in circulation. On February 3 these amounted to \$2,664,000,000, an increase of \$1,187,000,000 over those in circulation in the corresponding week a year ago, and of \$1,340,000,000 over the circulation in the week of August 20, 1930. It is a general belief, which the President shares, that as there has been no increase in business in the meantime to account for the larger volume of currency in circulation, but on the contrary a decrease in business, the additional currency has all been called for to supply or to take the place of currency in hoarding. This theory, however, overlooks one extremely important factor. Since the beginning of 1931 more than 2,500 banks have closed their doors, leaving hundreds of communities without any banking facilities of any kind. When people are no longer able to do business by check, they are forced to carry on whatever business remains with cash. Naturally, therefore, the demand for hand-to-hand cash must have increased enormously. Exactly what proportion of the \$1,300,000,000 increase in Federal Reserve notes is the result of this type of demand it is of course impossible to say; but it is obviously a very substantial one; and such currency can certainly not be called "hoarded."

Curiously enough, while the President greatly exaggerated the volume of genuinely hoarded money by neglecting to think of—or to mention—this factor of closed banks, he gave a misleading impression on the other side by his statement that "the very act of creating the [Reconstruction Finance] Corporation has already shown results in the dissipation of fear and the restoration of public confidence, as indicated by the fact that recently we have had on balance no increasing in hoarding of currency in the country." The Federal Reserve note figures, certainly, do not support the President's statement; they show an increase in the note issue of \$51,000,000 since the beginning of the year, compared with a decrease of \$187,000,000 and \$226,000,000 respectively in the two preceding years.

Mr. Hoover also greatly misrepresented the situation in asserting that "every dollar hoarded means a destruction of from five to ten dollars of credit." If the public were now hoarding *gold*, the President's remark would at least have had a certain purely theoretic justification, for credit cannot be further expanded when the gold-reserve ratio falls below a certain point. That purely theoretic consideration, however, has absolutely no practical importance or relevance at the present time. The Governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank has only recently pointed out that on the basis of our present gold reserves, credit could now legally be expanded—if there were any effective demand for it—by the stupendous total of \$35,000,000,000. Yet even such a purely theoretic justification does not exist for the remark that the hoarding of *currency* "destroys" from five to ten dollars of credit. Everyone in the least familiar with banking knows that bank deposits and bank notes are convertible into each other dollar for dollar in accordance with public demand. In the Federal Reserve Bank statement, the bank notes do not appear on the "resources" side with the gold reserves, but, quite properly, on the "liabilities" side with the deposits.

But the major criticism of the President's statement is that it reveals, more nakedly even than his previous statements, that his policy is not to concern himself with the roots of the present depression but merely with its symptoms. Hoarding is obviously far more a result of conditions than it is a cause of them. And it is certainly not going to be ended merely by patriotic appeals or high-pressure propaganda. There is an element of truth, of course, in the belief that business improves when confidence improves. But Mr. Hoover must some day be brought to recognize that confidence itself must in its turn be based on something. It will begin to make its appearance when Mr. Hoover and Congress have shown a willingness and a competence to deal with conditions with intelligence and courage. The Christian Science economics of the Hoover Administration is as much as any factor postponing the return of confidence that the President so ardently and rightly desires.

A Four-Year Program

WE are including with this week's issue of *The Nation* the four-year Presidential plan prepared by the League for Independent Political Action as something that could be in large measure achieved between 1932 and 1936 by any President who had social vision and a progressive political party behind him. That much of it could only be initiated is true. But a President who espoused even half of this program could readily change the whole face of things in America provided that he had a Congress to back him.

Let us point out at once that the league itself is not a political party and under its charter could not turn itself into one. It was conceived as a clearing-house of progressive opinion, as a rallying-point for those who refuse any longer to be buncoed by either of the outworn and corrupt parties now existing. The program is therefore not advanced as a definitive and all-inclusive program. Any third-party movement which may be launched either this year or

four years from now will be bound to take this program into consideration. It would be a mistake, however, for any party organization to use for its statement of principles a document as long and detailed as this. Failing a single compelling moral or economic issue, any such political venture should confine itself to some few major principles. It is the misfortune of progressives today that there are so many wrongs crying for adjustment, that the whole field of economics has overrun the field of politics, and that international relations have become so tremendously involved and so vital. There seems no hope that out of all this welter will come one or more compelling issues, unless it should be the question whether the American Republic shall or shall not collapse under its present misguided leadership, and whether or not thousands upon thousands of Americans shall die of starvation because of the insistence of a few men in political life, at the behest of their mistaken financial masters, that no direct aid shall be given to these unfortunate persons.

Failing that—and we trust with all our hearts that no such issue will present itself—the question of social and economic reform is of the utmost urgency. We repeat that it is hopeless to expect the slightest advance from the Republicans or the Democrats. Were there courage or intellectual honesty in the Republican Party today, the leaders, who are overwhelmingly opposed to the renomination of Herbert Hoover, would say out loud what they are saying privately about the failure in the White House. As for the Democrats, there is not a candidate in sight who is not weak or a typical compromiser. If anybody thinks that Franklin Roosevelt or Newton Baker could achieve anything worth while, in conjunction with the present Democratic Party, his political insight is of the stuff that dreams are made on. Hence the necessity that some group should be studying political problems from the point of view of political theory and economic necessity. Certainly this document of the League for Independent Political Action embodies the most advanced thinking that has been done in non-Socialist circles since the Bull Moose platform and that of La Follette.

By that we do not imply, nor, we are sure, would its authors suggest, that it is beyond improvement. We regret, for example, that it does not unqualifiedly call for the complete wiping out of debts and reparations. But as a whole, particularly in view of the short time in which it was produced, we find it a worth-while and challenging document. There will be those to regret that it was not built around some central policy, and many will feel that it is not radical or impassioned enough for the existing situation. None the less, we believe that it is a great step forward; if this were a country given, like England, to a discussion of political theories and principles, this program would at least demand a response from the parties now in the field. Somehow, sometime, a program like this must be put before the electorate if we are not going to be given the choice between extreme conservatism and the radicalism of the Communists. Now at least we have a program which embodies in very considerable measure the reforms for which *The Nation* has pleaded these many years, for which little groups all over the country are beginning to organize. Here at least is a basis for discussion for those whose foresight and patriotism rise above indiscriminating adherence to political parties long since outworn.

The Cynical Youngest Generation

THE one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Horatio Alger has passed uncelebrated in these columns. Apparently it passed equally unnoticed in a good many others, for the Children's Aid Society was moved by the general lack of excitement to investigate the state of Alger's fame in the ranks of the youngest generation, and has come to the conclusion that the man who was once by far the most popular writer for boys in America has fallen very low indeed.

Less than 20 per cent of the seven thousand members of New York's juvenile proletariat had ever heard of the author of "Tom the Bootblack"; only 14 per cent had read even one of his 119 published works; and not a single boy owned a single volume of the series, though about half of the seven thousand queried "have a book." What will be even more alarming to some is the fact that a considerable number dismissed the theory of "work and win" as "a lot of bunk," and that only one youth could be found sufficiently conservative in his literary taste to boast that he had read every one of Alger's books. Doubtless he will grow up to be a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

We must confess, however, that our own melancholy as we contemplate this example of the transitoriness of literary fame is purely sentimental, and that it does not spring from any faith in either the aesthetic merits of the works themselves or in their capacity to elevate the moral standards of their readers. We once read all of them on which it was possible to lay our hands and we read them with a passionate loyalty, but it is hard even to remember what their charm was or why we did not simply read the same one over again as often as the need to read anything arose. The formula was invariable, and always involved, first, the rescue of the banker's daughter from a mad dog or a runaway horse, and then a false suspicion of theft which raised its ugly head against our hero. Alger is said to have been distressed all his life with the desire to do "serious work," but we know of no one who ever revealed less promise, and it is our considered belief that the literary value of his novels is about as near absolute zero as it is possible for anything composed in intelligible sentences to be.

Neither, for that matter, are we aware that our moral tone was stiffened, or that we would have been any more efficient in handling a mad dog than we would have been if we had spent all our time in the company of Old King Brady. Putting aside the nice ethical questions involved in the effort to evaluate the exact degree of moral beauty to be discovered in the general injunction "Be good so you can get rich," it is to be observed that all Alger's insistence upon the duty of thrift did not prevent him from being extremely improvident or from dying poor, and we are inclined to believe that the effect of his work could be pretty accurately measured by its effect upon him. If detective novels and gangster movies do the youth of the land no more harm than the Alger books did their fathers good, then the youngest generation is safe.

China Fights Back

By T. A. BISSON

THE January events of 1932 at Shanghai throw a lurid glare back over a path that the Powers have been following in China for nine decades, since the Treaty of Nanking in 1842. They presage the end of an era. Events not too dissimilar are transpiring in India; the burden of their message is the same. The two great colonial nations of the world—China and India—are in revolt. The grip is slipping; the heyday of imperialism has passed.

The Treaty of Nanking marked the turning-point in China's struggle to maintain its integrity in the face of the ever-accelerating onslaught of the West. For China it broke down the wall of exclusion erected in self-defense. For the West it established an "open door"—through which to enter, and then to get and to hold. The Opium War of 1839-42 was fought by Great Britain, which therefrom gained two especial benefits: the cession in perpetuity of Hongkong, and an indemnity of \$21,000,000. The more significant advantages—unrestricted freedom of trade, a low fixed tariff, extra-territorial jurisdiction—were shared by the United States and France in treaties they made haste to negotiate with China in 1844. The American policy of equality of opportunity secured the same advantages to all the Powers that followed—some twenty of them by 1900.

By 1844 China was well started on the road to a colonial status. The steps on that downward path indicate how completely the goal was achieved. They include the following: loss of territories—Siberian Maritime Province, Upper Burma, the Loochoo Islands, Indo-China, Formosa and the Pescadores, Korea, Tibet; leaseholds—Kiaochow, Liaotung, Kwangchowwan, Kowloon Extension, and Weihaiwei; some fifty concessions and settlements in a score of cities and towns; railways from Manchuria to Yunnan; indemnities and loans, met from revenues of the foreign-administered maritime customs and salt gabelle; 5 per cent ad valorem tariff, fixed on the 1858 price level and unchanged until 1902, when it represented an effective 2 or 3 per cent, raised to an effective 5 per cent in 1902 to make possible payments on the Boxer indemnity; extraterritorial jurisdiction; right of coastal and inland navigation for foreign vessels; policing rights, through foreign warships on Chinese waters and military forces at Shanghai, Tientsin, Peking, and elsewhere.

Not the least significant phase of foreign economic penetration is represented by Shanghai. Through this commercial metropolis of the Far East have poured the machine-made products of the West. Aided by the nominal customs tariff these goods have flooded China, overwhelming the native handicraft industries, disrupting the delicate equilibrium between the products of farm and handicraft characteristic of the older Chinese economy, disintegrating the guilds, and throwing thousands of artisans back upon an already overcrowded agriculture for their means of livelihood. It is to the working out of this process, especially to the loss of the effective economic and political controls formerly exerted by the guilds, and not to a facile assumption of Chinese political incapacity, that the present disorganization of Chinese society must be chiefly traced.

The areas now embraced in the International Settlement and the French Concession, and the authority wielded by the foreign governmental authorities set up therein, constitute the results of a gradual evolutionary development that began in 1842. The Treaty of Nanking denominated Shanghai as one of the five treaty ports within which foreigners might take up their residence for purposes of trade. The establishment of a settlement in which foreigners might acquire land and rent houses and set up business establishments constituted the totality of the rights conferred by treaty. The British Settlement was established at Shanghai on this basis in 1843. No definite boundaries were fixed; no administrative rights were delegated to the foreign residents. On this slight foundation, so far as legal right is concerned, the superstructure of modern Shanghai, with its extensive foreign-administered areas, has been built.

The bounds of the British Settlement, first definitely marked out in 1846, inclosed an area of about 150 acres, which was expanded to 470 acres in 1848. In the following year a French Concession was delimited, the area of which, by successive acts of usurpation, has been steadily extended. An American Settlement with undefined boundaries was recognized in 1854. Ten years later the American and British Settlements were consolidated into the International Settlement, which then comprised an area of 2.75 square miles. In 1899, at the nadir of China's strength, the foreign authorities at Shanghai forced the Chinese government to grant an extension of the International Settlement area to a total of 8.35 square miles. Simultaneously, the French Concession was greatly expanded. Since 1916, especially, the Shanghai authorities have further extended the Settlement limits by the device of building extra-Settlement roads, over which they exercise police authority, out into the Chinese areas. These roads now total approximately twenty miles in length, and are the subject of much bitter Sino-foreign controversy.

Foreign administrative authority within the Settlement areas, similarly unauthorized by any treaty grant, has been established by a similar process of usurpation. The rights thus acquired are expressed in a succession of land regulations, the first of which was issued by the local Chinese magistrate (the *taotai*) in 1845, requiring registration of lands at the British consulate, and specifically forbidding the exercise of foreign police authority. A second series of land regulations, adopted in 1854, permitted the registration of land at any consulate, and established a municipal council with policing and taxation powers. These significant changes were afterwards accepted by the *taotai*. From this period dates the beginning of the all-inclusive administrative powers now wielded by the Municipal Council of the International Settlement. A third series of land regulations, strengthening the power of the Municipal Council, was adopted in 1896 without even the formality of consulting the local Chinese authorities.

Extraterritorial jurisdiction has, of course, prevailed by treaty right within the Settlement since its inception.

With the admission of increasing numbers of Chinese residents after 1853, however, it became necessary to institute a Mixed Court for cases in which the Chinese were defendants. Such a court was established within the International Settlement in 1864. From the beginning it was dominated by the foreign consuls, who sat as assessors. Foreign domination of the Mixed Court became even more pronounced after the revolution of 1911, when the Municipal Council assumed control over the court, and the foreign assessor was given power to sit both for civil and criminal cases.

The peculiar limitations upon franchise in the International Settlement have placed control of the Municipal Council in a virtual oligarchy comprised of the heads of the leading foreign business establishments in Shanghai. The land regulations designate several classes of residents—land-renters, rate-payers, foreign persons, and Chinese. Certain members of the first two grades are eligible to be members of the council; others who are not eligible for the council have the right to vote; while the great majority, foreigners and Chinese alike, are completely disfranchised. In 1925, out of a population of 840,000, there were approximately 30,000 foreigners, of whom but 2,700 were entitled to vote. Until 1926 the Chinese did not even have a representative on the council, thus presenting the anomaly of a great city, which was 96 per cent Chinese, governed by an insignificant minority of foreign traders.

As an aside, it should be here noted that the growth of Japanese influence in the Settlement during the last twenty years has been phenomenal. In 1890 there were only 386 Japanese in the International Settlement; in 1910 there were still fewer than 3,500. During the next five years the number more than doubled and by 1925 exceeded 13,000. In 1916 thirty Japanese police were added to the Settlement force. Two of the municipal councilors are now Japanese.

With the growth of Chinese national consciousness during the past fifteen years, effective resistance against foreign encroachment has begun, and the process of decline reversed. The World War caused the first notable breach in the rampart of foreign privilege in China. The concessions, extraterritorial jurisdiction, and the other special privileges of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia were swept away. Supported by a well-organized boycott, the case for the return of Shantung by Japan prevailed at the Washington Conference. Chinese tariff autonomy became operative in 1929. A number of the concessions and leaseholds have been regained. Some ten nations have concluded treaties of complete mutual equality with China. All but four of the Powers—the United States, France, Great Britain, and Japan—are pledged to relinquish extraterritoriality, and the Big Four are weakening.

At Shanghai comparable gains have been made. The shooting of a number of unarmed Chinese students by the Settlement police on May 30, 1925, gave birth to nationwide revolt against a situation which permitted foreigners to exercise police authority over Chinese citizens on their own soil. A bitter struggle ensued. Boycott and strike were called into play by the Chinese. In 1926, when three Chinese members were admitted to the Municipal Council, the first wedge was driven into the foreigners' ranks. Four years later the number of Chinese councilors was increased to five as against nine foreigners—at present one American, two Japanese, and six Britishers. A new Provisional Court,

set up in 1926 to take the place of the old Mixed Court, proved but a nominal change. In 1930, however, a District Court entirely under Chinese control was established for all cases whose jurisdiction did not lie with the foreign consular courts. In 1930 a governmental decree required all foreign business establishments to register with the Nanking government. This order was enforced upon the foreign business men in Shanghai by denying them the right to sue in the Chinese District Court unless they had registered. The insistent Chinese demand for complete rendition of the Settlement was met by the pledge of a full and impartial investigation, for which Justice Feetham of South Africa was retained. His report, published in the summer of 1931, recommended only minor changes and was the occasion for a recurrence of vigorous Chinese protests.

Step by step, using lawful and pacific means, the Chinese have thus been regaining political and economic autonomy. Western governments, with a healthy respect for a Chinese boycott, have increasingly turned a deaf ear to pleas for a show of force from the foreign diarchads in China. Only under the utmost provocation, as at Nanking in 1927, or against Communist "bandits," is force resorted to by the Western Powers. The Japanese "liberals," represented by Baron Shidehara, who have guided Japan's destinies during the greater part of the last decade, have chimed in with this policy. Not so the Japanese militarists, bureaucrats, and clansmen, who periodically usurp governmental control in Japan and recklessly drag the nation into military adventures. To this clique the surging forces of Chinese nationalism, the steady whittling down of foreign privilege, must be counteracted or all is lost. Of late, in Manchuria, matters have been going from bad to worse. Since 1930 Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang has definitely swung the Three Eastern Provinces within the Nationalist orbit. His railway projects, and especially the construction of the new port of Hulutao, are viewed with concern. Rate cuts by the Chinese lines, when supported by the patriotic sentiments of the Manchurian Chinese, plus a dash of coercion from Mukden, turn freight and passengers from the South Manchuria Railway. With the depression, profits decreased from 45,000,000 yen in 1929 to 21,000,000 yen in 1930; dividends were cut from 11 to 8 per cent. These things cannot continue. Something must be done. Thus, September 18, 1931.

When this clique rules in Japan, the colonialism of a past age is in vogue. Its members verily believe that Manchuria can be conquered, controlled politically and economically, and developed profitably by the Japanese business man. Once again, however, the crushing weight of the Chinese boycott has worked havoc on Japanese trade. It has led to a resort to force at Shanghai that passes all bounds of decency, even when dealing with China.

Most significant, however, is the Chinese resistance at Shanghai. For the first time in recent history, a Chinese force not overwhelmingly superior in numbers and definitely inferior in armament has thrown back a foreign onslaught. Not that China could resist the concentrated attack of the Japanese naval and military machine. But the witness borne by this success to the morale of the Chinese nation, the extent to which it is aroused, and its determination to resist at all cost admits of no contradiction. China, as a colonial nation, has ceased to exist. It can no longer be ruled by force against its will.

The Opposition in Japan

By UPTON CLOSE

BLIND nationalism in Japan today faces its supreme test. Japan and France stand at this period as two prize spectacles of nationalist society. Of all the peoples of the world the Japanese and Frenchmen are most likely to think of themselves first as Japanese or Frenchmen, rather than as conservatives or radicals, or religionists, or rich or poor. Yet in neither Japan nor France would the commanders of the people do well to strain loyalty to the point of national collapse.

The military's coup of September 18 last was more successful in first results in Japan than in Manchuria. The latter is yet far from under control. Japan, on the other hand, was completely within the power of the inner military clique within a week. But the victory was a little too facile to be permanent, and workingman, rich man, and politician who lined up behind the military were given to expect far more in advantages than there is now any hope of their gaining.

Within the last few weeks the cohorts of doubt have been gathering. A cable to New York states that election bets are three to two on the return of the Minseito—with Wakatsuki and Baron Shidehara—to a majority in the Diet in the elections set for February 20. The unfavorable odds representing the prospects of the present government's party are based not upon popularity but upon guesses regarding the extent to which the political and military chiefs will dare go in bribery and police interference with the balloting. The present regime already faces accusations of failure in its "platform" to end the Chinese boycott, get foreign loans, procure foreign markets, and stimulate internal industry. Should its appeal to the voters be defeated, it would be in an insufferable position and would be forced to resort to open dictatorship until the next Diet session in July.

Unless it dares undertake sufficient interference with the polling, the most promising strategy for the Seiyukai Government is to create a national crisis of the first magnitude. This may in part lie behind the Shanghai adventure, but the opposition is not hesitating to use that same crisis in its vigorous attack charging the Seiyukai with endangering Japan's national existence. The Seiyukai Government is bolstered by a mass of contradictions, making it vulnerable from all sides. One of the most glaring is its promise—purely for the sake of popularity—of suffrage to women. This gives it the powerful support of the Hatoyama family, once body-guard to the august person. But the Seiyukai supporters of the military clique have put themselves in a most uncomfortable position in promising suffrage to the women who have sent to Geneva the longest petition in the world against war and for disarmament—not that Japanese women at this time would take effective action, but that a wonderful opening is given to lampoonists.

Another danger to the ruling clique is its affiliation with the house of Mitsui. Without Mitsui money the Seiyukai could not have preserved its organization during the lean years. Now it finds itself sold, body and soul, to these interests, which, if ever the word were justified, may be called "predatory." The argument of the Seiyukai as to

the patriotic necessity of going off the gold standard was rather vitiated when the Mitsuis availed themselves of the opportunity to clean up a hundred million dollars by "selling their country short," leaving a very considerable shortage to be made up to the government exchange bank from taxpayers' money. A mob of students attacked the Mitsui Bank in Tokio and sixty of them were cudged into submission and dragged off to jail, but public feeling was such that the Home Office saw fit to release them without trial. This news the Japanese censorship suppressed.

Aside from the liberal Minseito Party (which received overwhelming public indorsement in prefectural elections as late as September 17, the day before the coup) there are yet more interesting elements of opposition. A bitter anti-political feeling directed at professional politicians of all parties is spreading among smaller Japanese business and professional men. This numerous community the new Japanese "Nazi" organization, the Sakai Kokuseito—"Social Nation Force Society"—plans to capture. Having started as part of the so-called "China ronin"—irresponsible chauvinist hoodlums—the "Nazis" now declare the inner military clique, the five wealthy houses, the two political parties, and the radicals to be alike menaces to the nation, and offer a program of dictatorship gathered from radicalism and fascism.

The organized radical groups are potentially rather than actually important. Although Kagawa, with his very important following of Christians and pacifists, can do little in direct opposition to the military policy, he has just begun the publication in the largest Japanese newspaper of another nation-stirring serial novel called "Two Sparrows"—revealing the tragedy of the Japanese factory women. This attacks the clique in power on an even more vulnerable front, for the pressure that will eventually overthrow the military will begin with the overworked and underfed or unemployed and starved industrial workers. Inspired by Kagawa are the peasants, increasingly socialist in temper, militant against their landlords. These peasants have been promised more money for cocoons and rice in return for their traditional pro-Seiyukai ballots. The Seiyukai fulfils its promise by the facile method of going off the gold standard. But the peasant is already finding out that more yen may not mean more money.

Japan, historically, has gone through political changes faster than any other country in the world. Organized radicalism there can still be ignored but it provides a bold nucleus of leadership for the time when the peculiarly Japanese "supreme disgust" shall settle upon the increasing multitudes of doubters, whose present feelings, as nearly as they dare send them through the mail, are indicated with truly Japanese allusiveness in the words of a letter received this week:

After the second gold embargo the depression is getting better, but only superficially, I guess. In such a small country as Japan, it is very easy to make people patriotic(?) by force, and this can be said now that everyone of this country feels somewhat that our military is doing good for us. By reading the newspapers every day and every evening we all get such an illusion.

Mr. Hoover Rides the Donkey

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 6

PRESIDENT HOOVER finally has found a party he can control. In a burst of that fine chivalry which impels them irresistibly to espouse causes which are both lost and discredited, the Democrats in Congress have hastily enacted most of the Hoover proposals and confirmed nearly all the Hoover appointees, and now they are valiantly opposing what Hoover calls the "dole." To be perfectly consistent they should also support him for reelection. "Dole," it should be explained, is a term colloquially employed to define a federal appropriation for relieving starvation in the United States. It does not apply to federal appropriations for relieving starvation in Belgium, Germany, Serbia, Poland, Russia, and points east—that comes under the head of "American altruism." It does not apply to federal appropriations for relieving hungry banks, railroads, insurance companies, or farm cooperatives—these are "constructive measures." Nor does it cover municipal, county, State, or private relief funds—they are in the noble category of "local self-help." In its glorious fight to save starving Americans from contamination by the "dole," the Administration once more has found a leader in the person of Senator Joe Robinson, the Arkansas statesman. The fact has provoked malicious whispers. Some persons are base enough to connect Sunny Joe's accommodating disposition with the appointment of Harvey Couch to the board of the new Finance Corporation—merely because Joe's law firm happens to be counsel for Mr. Couch's power companies. I heartily dissent. Anyone who knows Joe will agree that the Finance Corporation is the sort of thing that would naturally appeal to him, and that a "dole" (except to Arkansas drought sufferers) would arouse his natural antagonism. The circumstance that he and Hoover have a mutual friend and benefactor in Couch is mere coincidence. People should not yield to morbid suspicions about great men.

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THE Administration's astonishment over the Japanese invasion of China proper would be ludicrous if it contained fewer possibilities of danger. It is now apparent even to the colored messengers in the State Department that Secretary Stimson utterly failed from the outset to comprehend the scope of Japan's program or the determination behind it. Less than two months ago he was cheerfully assuring the press that the Japanese would never venture as far south as Chinchow, in southern Manchuria. Today their guns and airplanes are raining death and desolation upon the heart of Shanghai, and Henry L. Stimson enjoys the unique distinction of having run backward 700 miles in four weeks, leaping the Great Wall en route. The bloody Shanghai gesture was necessary to awaken this Administration to the fact that it was confronted with the evolution of the same definite and settled policy which prompted the original Twenty-one Demands. In the furtherance of

that policy a certain amount of veering and tacking has been expedient, but the ultimate object—control of Manchuria and domination of Asia—was not for one moment abandoned. Nor was there anything in the situation to persuade a prudent man that it had been abandoned. We may understand how a member of the Hoover Cabinet would forget that it is possible for a government to adopt a fixed policy and adhere to it, but understanding does not save us from the consequences. Failure of the Administration to perceive the real scope and resolution of Japan's purpose has subjected us to a series of humiliations from which we can now escape only through the alternatives of added ignominy or an insane war. Charles Evans Hughes may have exhibited excess solicitude for the rights and opportunities of American oil companies in the Far East, but he always knew what he was doing. More important, he knew what other people were doing.

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AT the President's urgent request, Uncle Andy Mellon has relinquished the Treasury to become American Ambassador to Great Britain. This curious transfer represents the success of Hoover's last desperate effort to pry the aging but tenacious Andrew out of a job which Ogden Mills actually has filled for nearly two years. That the Pittsburgh octogenarian possesses almost no qualifications for the new position does not seriously matter. His tenure will be brief, and his duties in London, as of late months in Washington, will be performed by a younger and better-qualified man. His reluctant decision to accept the change doubtless was hastened by the uncomfortable discovery that the House really was giving serious consideration to the impeachment charges pending against him there, as well as by Hiram Johnson's disclosure of the government's part in obtaining the fabulous Barco oil concession for the Mellon interests in Colombia. It is high time he retired from the position to which Harding and Harry Daugherty elevated him. It is my solemn judgment that he has done more to lower the standards of public service in this country than any other man who has held public office during the last fifty years, not excluding members of the Ohio Gang who came in with him. Others have used their official positions to augment their personal fortunes, but it remained for the saintly Andrew to make the practice "respectable." Probably we shall never know the exact sums returned to his corporations by his department in the form of tax refunds, or the personal savings effected through tax measures sponsored by him, or the profits accruing to his family and himself through tariffs advocated by him, or the penalties evaded through failure of the Department of Justice to prosecute the Mellon companies under the Sherman Act; but we know the total runs into many millions. Linger on for a little while, he will presently fade into the oblivion which awaits the few survivors of the Harding regime. He leaves a bad taste but few mourners.

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BUT away with melancholy! If the Washington scene offers much to depress the thoughtful observer, it also has its comic aspects. Consider, for example, the sight afforded by those gentlemen who for fifteen years have been warning us against the perils of bureaucracy and the dangers of government interference in business. Today, in worn cutaways and frayed silk hats, they are camping on the steps of the Capitol beseeching the despised Congress to extricate them from the mess into which "private initiative" and "rugged individualism" got them. Washington correspondents have seen too many wizards of industry and finance made to look ridiculous by so-called hick politicians to retain any faith in the old myth of business-man superiority, but it is gratifying and diverting to watch them as they crowd to the mourners' bench. Of course, fairness compels us to acknowledge that all the peanuts do not grow in Wall and La Salle streets. No matter how much we may laugh at Pat Hurley, Bob Lucas, Secretary Lamont, and "Puddler Jim" Davis, we cannot laugh them off. In recent months Pat acquired a reputation for Irish wit and eloquence which was the more spectacular because it was so unexpected. This interesting development was rudely arrested a few days ago by the disclosure in a Washington newspaper that the War Secretary's cleverest speeches were the handiwork of Captain Abraham Ginsberg, brilliant young Russian-born member of the Army Intelligence Service. I need not dwell on the Secretary's chagrin. Promptly the offending newspaper was visited by the Captain, who, in the presence of Hurley's trusted secretary, implored the reporter to certify that he had obtained

his information outside the department. Since this was wholly true, the reporter consented, but his Samaritan instincts availed nothing. In a whimsical moment he had also suggested that Captain Ginsberg's talents might have been enlisted by Bob Lucas and the Republican National Committee. This wild guess proving to be all too true, nothing could convince Pat that Ginsberg didn't tell, and a promising career in arms and literature seems doomed. You can always depend on a good Moose to enliven a grim situation, and "Puddler Jim" has not disappointed. Two years ago when he was elected Senator from Pennsylvania (to fill an unexpired term), it was on a dry platform. A month ago Bill Vare of Philadelphia tersely announced that the Republican nominee in the approaching campaign would be wetter than a bathing suit in August. This week the "Puddler" informed a waiting world that, after a careful study of the Wickersham report, he was convinced that prohibition had been a failure, and would advocate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, with beer and wines in the meantime. Secretary Lamont's contribution to Washington gaiety was less spectacular but more expensive. It develops that in the new seventeen-million-dollar Commerce Building he enjoys the exclusiveness of a private elevator and a secret passageway. The guard who watches the secret door receives \$100 a month and the elevator operator gets \$90 a month, although to reach his private elevator and his secret passage the Secretary must walk in front of two public elevators! Probably this is the Administration's contribution to the unemployment problem.

A Close-Up of George Washington

By W. E. WOODWARD

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born two hundred years ago this February 22. More books have been written about him than about any other famous American. Yet there is no record in existence of any of George Washington's conversations. No verbatim report. Curious fact, this is. Men would spend the evening in Washington's company and write to their friends that the General told some anecdotes, talked about planting fruit trees, drank Madeira wine, and cracked nuts between his big, strong fingers. But exactly what did he say? And how did he say it? What was his personal conduct toward verb and adjective? Did he ever use slang in his conversation?

My inference is that the Father of our Country was not a brilliant conversationalist. If he had been a good talker some of his anecdotes would have been preserved, in his own words. No flashes of wit fell from his tongue. Nor did his talk contain much, if any, of those plain and simple generalizations known as "homely wisdom." He was slow and deliberate in his speech. I think his diaries give a clear idea of his conversational style, for a man who writes something to be seen only by himself is likely to write as he talks. Here is an extract—a record made in his diary at Rye, New York, on the first day of a tour of New England:

The Road for the greater part, indeed the whole way, was very rough and stoney, but the Land strong, well covered with grass and a luxurious crop of Indian Corn inter-

mixed with Pompions [pumpkins] (which were yet ungathered) in the fields. We met four droves of Beef Cattle for the New York Market, (about 30 in a drove) some of which were very fine—also a flock of Sheep for the same place. We scarcely passed a farm that did not abd. in Geese.

During his first year as President he lived in New York, in a large, comfortable house on Pearl Street. If that house were still standing it would be almost under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge. George was called "His Excellency" and Martha was "Lady Washington." Their entertainments were on a large and elaborate scale, though they were not as exclusive as Martha thought they ought to be. Some concession had to be made to the common herd, as everybody had a vote, and the day of the politician was in its rosy dawn. Martha wrote that the walls of her drawing-room were marred "by the dirty fingers of the democrats."

William Sullivan, one of the best observers of the time, with an eye for character and a sense of picture, used to attend the Presidential receptions. He says His Excellency was usually surrounded by young and beautiful women. That is not surprising; for some reason elderly distinguished men possess an extraordinary fascination for young girls.

One may imagine the scene: the large room, brilliantly lighted by hundreds of candles set in silver brackets on the

wall; the men in knee breeches of velvet of the color of puce, wearing coats of green and lavender silk with lace at the cuffs; their hair concealed under powdered wigs. The dowagers, austere and stiff with dignity, sit on sofas covered with damask or figured French cloth. Their billowing skirts flow about them. Their headdresses are composed of their own hair, raised in a towering structure by a framework of wire. They look like Britannia ruling the waves, or a device on a coin, or some such symbol of feminine force.

At the end of the room, before the crackling fire, stands the towering Washington. The young women crowd around him, their fans fluttering in the perfumed air. Outside the throng men with axes to grind look on wistfully, thinking of schemes to break through the wall of girlish chatter.

Sullivan says that on these occasions, though Washington was surrounded by young and admiring beauties, his countenance "never softened, nor changed its habitual gravity."

Of course Washington was dull in manner. In saying this I am not attempting to belittle him. Far from it; quite the contrary. Cleverness is the opposite of greatness. All great men are dull, and most of them are melancholy; and all really great books are heavy and dull. Sprightliness runs so easily into a sacrifice of essential truth. The memory of the wisecracker is never embalmed in the majestic whatever-you-call-it of human endeavor. Dull men are so puzzling. Perhaps that is why we call them great.

I lived with George Washington for two years while I was writing his biography—"George Washington, the Image and the Man." I mean that I lived with his spirit. Daily; every day; all day. For two years I hardly thought of anything but G. W. I found out all sorts of interesting things. About Washington's voice, for instance. He had a hollow voice, somewhat muffled. The kind of voice that never carries far. Whenever he made a speech—and he was a poor orator, I may say—he had to exert himself to be heard.

Although he had great physical strength, there was a strain of weakness—congenital, I fancy—in his constitution. He was always getting sick; bowel complaint, bad colds, liver trouble, and so on. He dosed himself with the strong, gripping remedies of the day.

Another fact is that the commonly accepted portrait of Washington—the Gilbert Stuart Athenaeum painting—is not his best picture. What I am saying here will be considered the rankest heresy; nevertheless it is the truth, like a good many other heresies.

His face was leaner and longer than it appears in the Athenaeum portrait. He had a finer, more sensitive countenance. In 1785 the French sculptor Houdon made a life mask of G. W. Incidentally the making of this mask frightened Martha almost out of her wits. She did not know the mask was to be made, it seems, and she walked into a room and found her husband lying flat on his back, his face covered with plaster, and Houdon bending over him. Great alarm—and considerable explanation required.

This life mask shows Washington's features perfectly, of course. It is a mechanical reproduction. The life mask lacks the beefy look of the Stuart picture.

The more I found out about Washington the better I liked him. I had to unlearn, at first, all the silly fables that had been taught me at school and which have existed a century or more in our folk-lore. But as these childish myths

were stripped off, I saw that a great personality was beneath them. I began to admire him ardently. He had honor, truth, honesty, and courage. What great qualities these are—and how sadly lacking in a world of sham and hypocrisy!

He was not a great general or a great statesman, but he was a great man. His greatness flowed from character, from personality. When I say that he was not a first-class general, I mean that he did things which were strategically unsound. He never won a major engagement. But he held the army together by his persistency and his will; he won the war through his defeats. The British found out that you cannot keep on beating a man forever unless you kill him. If you can't kill him, after awhile you have to surrender to him. The British, sick and tired, finally surrendered to Washington.

It is a curious fact that there is nothing whatever in our intellectual and political traditions that could be called Washingtonianism. Jefferson and Hamilton both left to posterity coherent theories of government. Washington didn't. He seems never to have evolved, even in his own mind, an articulated set of principles. The essence of his energy was practical. He set himself to doing whatever lay before his hands.

Anything that tells the truth about the Father of our Country is denounced, even if the truth is favorable. Isn't that one of the strangest things you ever heard of? My book was cursed up hill and down dale, which helped its sales, but made me rather sad. The denunciation was accentuated by an incident in my literary life which may interest you.

Everyone has moments of fatal indiscretion, times when the jackass that lives in all men and women steps out and brays. Unfortunately these moments are usually beyond recall and survive forever. Before the jackass is batted over the head, the deed is done, the check is mailed, the marriage proposal has been made, the boss has been insulted, the asinine anecdote has started on its travels. It is a law of life. This principle, by the way, has been expanded by me into a psychoanalytic theory. It appears in all the up-to-date books on psychoanalysis as the Woodward Theory of the Inner Jackass, and has been accepted by Dr. Freud as a basis for fresh meditation.

While I was writing my first book the inner jackass came out for a moment and brayed. The book was called "Bunk." I wanted to devise a word which would mean "taking the bunk out of human affairs"—and I made up the word "debunk." It is probably the ugliest word in the language.

Of course, I became known immediately as the great debunker. I cannot open my mouth without people expecting me to debunk something or somebody. As soon as my life of Washington was published I saw headlines in the newspapers which said, "Woodward Debunks Washington."

The Daughters of the American Revolution in some States advised people not to read the book, and that helped the sales. Here and there posts of the American Legion denounced me and all my works, and declared that I ought to be sent back where I came from. That helped sales, too.

I have given all this not only to show the peril of the literary life, but also to indicate how difficult it is to get the American people to accept a truthful valuation of George Washington, even if the truth is favorable to him.

Dole or Insurance?

By WILLIAM M. LEISERSON

HERE are only two methods of dealing with unemployment—by insurance or by doles. The insurance method assumes that the cost of supporting the unemployed is properly a charge against industry, like the maintenance of unemployed capital. It forces management to treat the labor investment as a fixed charge in the same way that bond interest is handled. The dole method relieves industry of this labor-maintenance cost and throws the burden on the community—on private charities or on public relief funds, or on both.

Of course, neither insurance nor the dole offers any permanent solution for unemployment. But however practical and desirable the plans for stabilizing employment may be, can they guarantee steady jobs for all willing workers at all times? Those who think that unemployment may be handled by abolishing it may well be reminded that fireproof buildings have not abolished fires. Safety work has not solved the problem of accidents. Preventive medicine, sanitation, and health work have not eliminated sickness and disease. What reason is there to believe that the measures designed to eliminate unemployment will be any more effective than these other preventive measures have been?

Those who are advocating permanent solutions for unemployment are like the "new-era" economists who a few years ago thought that depressions had forever been abolished. Then it was mechanization of industry, mass production, high wages, and high prices that would make prosperity permanent. Now it is scientific management, regularization of employment, public work for the unemployed, economic planning boards, and reductions in hours of labor that will forever abolish unemployment and the consequent distress. But this second new era is likely to prove as chimerical as the first. Modern industry, even under such controlled conditions as exist in Russia, cannot be carried on without fluctuations in employment, sometimes small, at other times large; and for handling this inevitable unemployment there are only the two methods, insurance or doles.

The method that we now use is the dole method. Private charity doles are our first resource; but in a depression charity funds are soon exhausted, and taxpayers are then asked to provide for the unemployed by public doles from local-government treasuries. In the present depression it is becoming increasingly evident that federal doles will also be necessary. In the effort to avoid this the President has appointed an Emergency Relief Committee to stimulate neighborly charity and the voting of local public-relief funds. But in spite of a frenzied national organization and advertising campaign, representatives of community-chest organizations throughout the country testified in Washington the other day that local and State funds will be insufficient, and that the federal government will have to contribute its doles for the maintenance of the unemployed.

But why should either charities or the taxpayers bear the cost of supporting industry's employees? If industry must have its employees idle for weeks and months at a time, why does it not provide means of support for them during

the enforced periods of idleness? The reason is that we have so pauperized American employers that they now look upon contributions from the public for the maintenance of their labor forces as a matter of right. By laying off workers they automatically draw on public and private charity funds. In times like the present large sums are diverted from the care of the crippled, the sick, the aged, and the mentally defective to maintain the able-bodied workers until their employers need them again. But while an industry may keep itself solvent and show a profit by this method of removing from its books one of its essential costs, it is from the point of view of the community an unprofitable industry. It is receiving a subsidy from the public. Whether the money is contributed by private charities or by the taxpayers, the result is the same—the payment of a dole not only to the unemployed workers but also to their employers.

When workers are unemployed, capital is also unemployed; but the interest and capital maintenance charges are paid by business whether the capital is working or not. The fixed charges for idle labor also have to be paid. But the public has been footing this bill. When men decide to become printers rather than to enter other trades, they invest their labor in the printing industry just as the owners invest their money in it. And they cannot change their trade so easily as bond- and stockholders can sell out their interests. Yet the industry assumes no responsibility for the labor investment. Is it not about time that we served notice on American industry and its managers that we do not propose in future depressions to subsidize them by supporting their employees from government and charity funds? Can we not make it the duty of all employers of labor to provide against the disasters that recurring depressions bring to their working forces in the same way that they are compelled to provide for their interest and other capital charges?

Unemployment insurance is the most economical method by which this can be done. With the cost spread over a wide variety of industries the charge against individual enterprises is small, and the addition to production expenses is negligible. Industry is thus compelled to be self-supporting, to bear all its costs, and to quit depending on doles for the support of its workers. The insurance benefits maintain the health, efficiency, and self-respect of the necessarily unemployed workers, and are the only alternative to the degrading dole.

American business, seeing the trend toward insurance, has launched a nation-wide campaign to convince the country and its legislatures that compulsory action is not necessary. Employers will themselves voluntarily establish reserve funds to protect their employees, we are told. The United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the National Industrial Conference Board have all indorsed the idea that industry must provide reserves to assure incomes for employees during periods of idleness. Even the Senate committee headed by Senator Hebert, which was packed with a majority to oppose the Wagner national unemployment-insurance bill, has come out for insurance conducted by private industries. The need, the justice,

the desirability of insurance are no longer denied. Those who for years denounced it as the "dole" have changed their position. They agree in principle, as the diplomats say, and they offer a substitute—voluntary private insurance.

What employers would set up their own reserve funds if all were not compelled by law to insure? Obviously the more foresighted and efficient, those who had taken steps to regularize employment. The rest, those who cause the most unemployment, would say that it is not practical in their business. And when the uninsured laid off workers, who would support them? The taxpayers and the community chests of course. The most backward industries and employers would thus be subsidized, while the more progressive and responsible would be burdened with expenses both for regularizing employment and for paying unemployment benefits. In the face of this obvious result of voluntary private insurance, it is strange to hear from its advocates the complaint that compulsory state insurance would penalize the efficient employers and use their premiums to help pay for the unemployment caused by the inefficient.

Underlying the plea for voluntary action by employers is the idea that if business were properly managed each enterprise could fully take care of its own unemployment. Private reserve funds, it is claimed, would provide the incentive for each employer to regularize his employment to the utmost. But when records of firms which have stabilized work are examined, it is found that the effect of their regularization is the same as if labor-saving machinery had been introduced. More work is done with a smaller force of steady employees and the rest are thrown on the community.

Private insurance funds must necessarily neglect the mass of unemployed labor released not only by regularization programs, but by technical and managerial improvements of various kinds and by declining industries. It is for these released workers, however, that insurance is most needed. Adequate protection, therefore, must be based on the general insurance principle that all who are subject to risk shall contribute to a common fund, and those who suffer losses shall draw from this fund. Voluntary insurance selects the good risks for protection and leaves the worst risks uncared for. There is no more reason for an industry that has little unemployment to object to paying insurance premiums than there is for a person to object to paying for his fire insurance because he has never suffered loss from fire.

There are serious objections also to the administration of private insurance funds. A corporation in Wisconsin has just announced a plan which requires employees to contribute 5 per cent of their pay until reserves equal to six months' pay have been accumulated, when the contributions are to decline to 2 per cent. Benefits are payable only in times of general business depression, and then, after a waiting period of three months, 40 per cent of average weekly earnings will be paid. Employees may not withdraw their contributions when they quit the company. What is to prevent the spread of such fantastic schemes? Other plans provide for contributions from the employer only, but usually with reservations that workers acquire no legal rights to the funds, and that the plans may be changed or discontinued at the option of the employer. The originator of one of these plans stated he did not want the employees to contribute because this would require that they be given some control over the funds. When a worker is discharged for cause, he is always dis-

qualified for unemployment benefits. What is just cause for discharge, and how are employees to be protected against dismissal to avoid payment of benefits?

Those who are lucky enough to work for firms that have insurance plans will be unequally protected. Some employers will be liberal, others will be able to afford only meager and inadequate benefits. The amounts paid to the unemployed workers will be determined not by their needs but by what the employer considers the business is able to pay. The basic weakness of voluntary insurance is that it sets up no authority that is in any way responsible for the community's or the country's problem of unemployment. Its primary concern is not the needs of unemployed workers but the interests of business enterprises. If these interests are considered compatible with the payment of unemployment benefits, such benefits will be paid; otherwise not. Some slight reduction in the number of those whom industry throws on the community to support may be expected. But the essential problem of getting rid of public subsidies to industries to enable them to meet the cost of their unemployed labor cannot be solved by voluntary insurance; nor can an effective substitute for the dole be found in it.

It is because business and industry have no means of providing jobs or maintenance for all willing workers that compulsory action by the government is necessary. It is absurd to think, however, that public officials would know how to provide employment when business men do not know how to do it. Therefore government action must take the form of compulsory insurance. Such government compulsion to protect workers and their families has always been an essential characteristic of real Americanism. The notion that able-bodied and willing workers shall be forced to beg for charity while the government keeps its hands off is a Tory myth, not an American principle. Seventy years ago the United States government adopted the Homestead Act, giving to everyone who wanted to work the land a free farm of 160 acres. The act was denounced as an attack on prosperity and as an agrarian (communistic) scheme for dividing wealth, but it was passed.

About a hundred years ago America decided to provide education for all its children. When working people found that they were denied opportunities because they lacked training and education, they demanded tax-supported schools. Today compulsory taxation of the rich to educate the children of the poor is looked upon as an essential principle on which the very foundations of American institutions rest. But when the public-school system was about to be introduced, the *Philadelphia National Gazette* wrote (August 19, 1830):

The scheme of universal equal education, at the expense of the state, is virtually "agrarianism." It would be compulsory application of the means of the richer, for the direct use of the poorer classes; and so for an arbitrary division of property among them. . . . One of the chief excitements to industry, among those classes, is the hope of earning means of educating their children respectably or liberally; that incentive would be removed, and the scheme of state and equal education be thus a premium for comparative idleness.

The Homestead Act and our public-school system show what the truly American tradition requires when the opportunity to work and live is at stake. They are our precedents for compulsory unemployment insurance.

In the Driftway

FROM time to time the Drifter hears comment on the younger generation. A novelist says the boys and girls of today are lazy, untutored, illiterate; a minister says they are immoral, irreligious, disrespectful; a mother says they are a nuisance; and a father appears against his son to press a charge of grand larceny that will send him to prison for life if he is convicted. It is hardly necessary to indicate what reflections these criticisms cast on the elders of the young persons in question, who presumably are responsible for their education and moral training. The Drifter does not need to do so, for the young persons of his acquaintance do not in any way merit the indictment. A friend of the Drifter's the other night urged that he might be permitted to read aloud from a manuscript that had been sent him. Somewhat reluctantly the Drifter consented. The article was a criticism of seventeenth-century English poetry; it was considered, fresh, admirably phrased, expert in its critical judgments, and displayed a healthy erudition. "Very nice," said he, in the manner of an editor who can take things calmly even if they are very nice. "Who wrote it?" "One of my freshmen," said the friend, who was a professor of English. "I'll read you another." This time the Drifter did not protest. The essays had been submitted by a class of twenty-odd; every one was better written than the average article submitted for magazine publication. Every one showed not only learning and skill, but devotion to a task, industry, and patience.

* * * * *

THE Drifter knows rather better another lad now a senior at a large university. He spends as many week-ends as he is allowed in New York City; he likes to dance, he is by no means inexpert in courting agreeable young ladies. But his real passion is economics, and he gives his father, a well-known newspaperman, many uncomfortable half-hours by the searching and detailed questions he asks on recondite political subjects. His brother is younger. He favors the radio, and since the age of twelve has been able to assemble with surprising skill radio apparatus of the more complicated sorts. It is possible to multiply instances indefinitely of boys and girls who apply themselves with industry and eagerness to tasks that their elders would sigh at or shrink from. No laziness here, no irresponsibility. Honest work, on the contrary, and more often than not work that is not required either by parents or professor. Nor are examples of another sort lacking. A boy of fifteen spends his Saturdays and one or two evenings at work to earn money for camp; his father has not worked for two years, mostly from choice. The boy's grandfather keeps him and could send him to camp also if necessary. The grandson prefers to work.

* * * * *

ALL that the Drifter really seeks to prove by these scattered instances is that it is not safe to generalize. It is not safe to talk about the "younger generation" without qualifying by saying: "I mean that lazy, good-for-nothing boy across the street." The Drifter will not generalize

either. All he will admit is that he knows on the whole many more lazy, reprehensible adults than lazy, reprehensible adolescents. In his experience the younger generation is sober, hard-working, knows what it wants. These young persons sometimes lack humor. But so far that has not been named in the indictment.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Birth Control—Pro and Con

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some years past I have been a subscriber to your paper. The issue dated January 27 reached me yesterday. I find upon reading it that the front page and fifteen of its forty pages of reading matter are devoted to the advocacy of birth control, justly characterized by President Roosevelt in his day as race suicide.

I am the happy and contented father of nine living children and the grandfather of twenty-one grandchildren, and there is not a black sheep or a yellow streak among them. My dear departed wife (recently deceased) was my devoted helpmeet for nearly half a century and was the proud and loving mother of these nine children.

Your over-zealous hysterical advocacy of this harlot-like practice shocks me, and makes your weekly paper unwelcome in my home. If you and your fellow-believers practice what you preach in the years to come, they and your subscribers will soon be few in number. Please cancel my subscription.

Chicago, January 25

E. F. DUNNE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The only valid argument in favor of birth control is ill-health of the parents or their economic disability. If either party is sick, then self-control is the humane and, indeed, the necessary attitude of the other party, and self-control is neither impossible nor precarious; in fact, it is the efficient prophylactic for our modern neuroses.

If healthy married people desire children as normal people do, and are hindered from exercising normally this natural right by economic hazards, why, in God's name and in the name of the American people, is there no concerted effort made to save this natural right by abolishing these economic ills? Let those who have wealth and no children subsidize those who have children and no wealth. It is the living children of the poor that ring a wall of flesh about the country's wealth in time of war. The rich give patriotic sentiments while the poor give their sons.

The enthusiasm of birth-controllers is almost as hysterical as a revival and as economically careless as a crusade.

New York, January 27

JOHN MONAGHAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to file a protest against your omission of Dr. William J. Robinson from among the contributors to the birth-control number of *The Nation*. For over a quarter of a century, when no one had ever heard of Margaret Sanger, when the subject of birth control was taboo to Drs. Pusey, Lake, and Knopf, Dr. Robinson agitated for birth control among physicians in his *Critic and Guide*, books, lectures, and so on. It was Dr. Robinson who converted the late Dr. Abraham Jacoby, former president of the American Medical Association, to the movement.

Detroit, January 30

M. E. KOHN, M.D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express to you my admiration of your courage and farsightedness in devoting a considerable part of *The Nation* of January 27 to the discussion of birth control.

At the Philadelphia County Medical Society, with a membership of nearly 2,200, we arranged a meeting on birth control about a month ago, against considerable opposition on the part of the Catholic element in this community. An attempt was made to break up the meeting, but was unsuccessful.

I am a subscriber to *The Nation*, and I believe it is one of the most courageous sheets in the country.

Philadelphia, January 25 JAY F. SCHAMBERG, M.D.

Mr. Hoover's Strange Career

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A diplomatic incident has occurred at Brussels as a consequence of the publication of extracts from John Hamill's volume, "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover." Mr. Gibson, the American Minister, who claims to be an intimate friend of Hoover, has lodged a protest with the Belgian Foreign Minister against such publications, and M. Hymans, the Foreign Minister, has expressed his regrets.

Such incidents will occur in every part of the world, as the volume has a wide circulation. The *Chicago Tribune* of January 4 regrets that the circulation of the volume was stopped, and that the matter was not threshed out in court; but the paper admits that certain facts are undoubtedly true! I have myself found notes from the *Congressional Record* of March 3, 1919, where a speaker proved with documentary evidence that rotten wheat and flour were shipped for the Belgian Relief.

Paris, January 16

J. GERSONG

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Though a regular reader of *The Nation* for more than forty years, I have bothered your editorial staff but rarely. Hence I am not going to apologize for doing so now. While in Milwaukee over the week-end, I chanced upon a copy of "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover," by John Hamill. I have not finished reading the book as I write, but if the author is guilty of untruths, it would be the privilege, nay the duty, of President Hoover to bring him into court.

No doubt someone on the editorial staff of *The Nation* is competent to discuss this problem. Am I asking too much that *The Nation* throw light on the situation created by the appearance of this book, which seems to have called for a new printing almost monthly since it first made its appearance?

Madison, Wis., January 27

EDWARD KREMERS

Campaign Strategy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Hoover has not the slightest intention to answer domestic criticism. His campaign is not to be against any opposition party or candidate. All that is to be austere ignored. He will not take the defensive on his record, nor will his halberdiers do so for him.

What is to be is this: He will run against a more or less mythical menace from abroad. As matters now stand, it is my judgment that the reds will not be regarded as adequate. I think privately that Stalin is fed up on nursing the infantile leaderships of other units of the Third International. He is well informed of the community of imperialist interests and

will not be drawn into a world ambush by the Japanese maneuver. And so his wiliness is going to deprive him of the honor of being opposed for the presidency of civilization.

What, then, is to be chosen as a foe worthy of the G. O. P. steel? Already the newspapers are building up our national fears of a world arrayed against America, and before the campaign is far advanced it will be stated that it would be unpatriotic to oppose the President now. It will be "Stand by America" or some resonant equivalent of that.

You will recall that two years before Ramsay MacDonald's defection I hinted to you not to expect anything from him. Now I warn you that nothing, much less than nothing, can be expected of the Socialist Party, even if in the thick despair it should gain headway. It is just another capitalist party. But liberals, after all, must be good for something. I warn them that they are perilously underestimating Hoover in those qualities by which he has corkscrewed himself to wealth and eminence. The rich and powerful and the profligate in America have not grown sick of him as the silences might seem to indicate. The word has simply gone out that his attacking critics are to be allowed to wear themselves down.

Washington, D. C., January 18

BRUCE ROGERS

"Man Must Work"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add my testimony to that of the Drifter to your issue of January 6? The Family Welfare Association of Minneapolis has inaugurated a very small program of work relief, i. e., payment of wages for work done rather than financial assistance. Part of this work consists in wood cutting in woods fifteen miles from the city, transportation for thirty miles daily being by open truck (I trust your readers know what that means in a Minnesota winter).

The plan involved having a certain number of men report each day to the truck to be transported to the job. But the number reporting was invariably greater than the number needed and the paymaster instantly jumped to the conclusion that the extra men would expect to be paid wages. She was prepared to make a careful statement of the association's policy of limiting work, and wages, to just enough to cover the minimum necessities of the family, when the ground was cut from beneath her feet by the men explaining with one accord that they knew they would not be paid but were thankful to do anything to keep busy. Numerous other experiences of this association bear out the Drifter's conclusion that "man must work."

Minneapolis, January 7

PEARL SALSBERY

What Shall We Do?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During these days of crises it seems to me that *The Nation*, as a leader in liberal thinking, could do its readers a tremendous service by pointing out to them in a series of articles what the individual may do. The Communists say that the individual does not matter, but there are many who feel that he does, even in a revolutionary world. How are we to conduct our lives, plan our careers, direct our energies? Should we, for example, try to protect our investments by supporting the capitalists until their stupidities ruin us, or should we try to hasten the process by aiding, in small ways, the revolution? What we do probably does not matter, but we must keep out the illusion that it does.

Glen Ridge, N. J., January 4

HORACE COON

Finance

England Gropes for Markets

GRREAT BRITAIN is reported to be considering tariff reciprocity with a number of European nations, for reasons which should interest the United States. When the pound sterling toppled from its gold base last September, Englishmen derived some consolation from the thought that the depreciation of British exchange in gold-standard countries would stimulate exports. With the pound 25 per cent below par, the cost of British goods to foreign buyers would in effect be reduced by an equal amount, so long as internal prices could be held at their old level.

These calculations, however, were rudely shaken when a number of Britain's best customers promptly followed her off the gold basis. New York exchange rates (gold-standard rates) on London, Oslo, Copenhagen, and Stockholm all now stand about 29 per cent below par; that is to say, they are at parity with one another. These are the European exchanges which are most closely tied with sterling through banking connections, and the fact that all are equally depreciated removes the bargain-counter attraction which British goods would have had if these Scandinavian currencies had remained above sterling in value. English exports to gold-standard countries are restricted by tariffs; to countries whose currency is in worse state than sterling, by lack of purchasing power and an actual premium exacted on British imports. For a depreciated exchange to produce a worth-while export stimulus, we evidently must have a world in which a substantial number of countries remain on gold and refrain from imposing tariff barriers.

Confronted by these adverse conditions, it is not surprising that English merchants and bankers should be surrendering their illusions about the advantages of a discount on the pound and should now be returning to the idea of parity—a parity of misfortune between London and the Scandinavian centers. Mere exchange parity, however, is not enough to insure large and stable trade; hence it is proposed to reinforce the existing monetary basis by reciprocity agreements.

Such agreements are the antithesis of the most-favored-nation principle, which is largely inoperative as a trade stimulus under existing tariff-barrier conditions, and which is not in high favor, in any case. A writer in the *Revue Economique Internationale* cites the Franco-German agreement of 1871, in which each nation agreed in perpetuity to extend as good terms to the other as were extended to England, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, and Russia. Frenchmen of that day did not foresee Germany's rise to industrial supremacy, and found themselves unable to place low tariffs on the "ribbons of Basel, the silks of Zurich, the lingerie of Saint-Gall, and all the products of the Swiss chemical and electrical industries" without throwing the door open to the products of Crefeld, Elberfeld, Leipzig, Mannheim, and Nuremberg. Since there was no intention of doing the latter, a protectionist policy was inevitable.

It is, after all, a small territory which England now thinks of tying together with reciprocity agreements. It leaves the dominions out of account and will apparently call for endless detailed agreements. The British problem is to find an adequate market for British goods, and neither the Scandinavian countries nor the dominions provide it. Any reciprocity program abroad must add to the difficulties of finding a market for America's surplus goods. In the light of British experience, abandonment of the gold standard would be unlikely to help us.

S. PALMER HARMAN



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Midwinter Book Section

Lytton Strachey

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

It would be difficult to find a literary career more neatly rounded and successful than that which has just been closed by the death of Lytton Strachey. At the age of thirty-eight Mr. Strachey was practically unknown; at fifty-two, when he died, he was firmly ensconced in the particular niche which he himself had chosen and to which he had won an undisputed right by the quiet but persistent cultivation of his own peculiar gifts. His output was not great, and his fame will rest upon not more than four books, but there were few by-products or false starts, and such quiet efficiency argues the presence of a clear-sighted confidence perhaps even rarer in writers than it is in other men.

Strachey enjoyed, to be sure, certain initial advantages. Member as he was of a literary family, the way was to some extent smooth before him, and he does not appear to have been very seriously oppressed by financial needs. But with his second book, "Eminent Victorians," he sprang forth fully formed, and he wrote exactly as though he had already achieved the position which that book was to win for him. Nor does there seem to be any good reason for doubting that he felt as confidently as he spoke. Whatever formative process he may have gone through was already over. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, and he knew that he knew just how it could be done. Only on such an assumption can one account for a passage like the following from his preface—a passage in which a practically unknown young man calmly annihilates one whole branch of contemporary literature and proposes with equal calmness that his work be taken as a salutary example of how biography should be written:

The art of biography seems to have fallen on evil times in England. . . . With us, the most delicate and humane of all the branches of the art of writing has been relegated to the journeymen of letters; we do not reflect that it is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one. Those two fat volumes with which it is our custom to commemorate the dead—who does not know them, with their ill-digested masses of material, their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design? They are as familiar as the cortège of the undertaker, and wear the same air of slow, funereal barbarism. . . . The studies in this book are indebted, in more ways than one, to such works—works which certainly deserve the name of Standard Biographies. For they have provided me not only with much indispensable information, but with something even more precious—an example. How many lessons are to be learned from them! But it is hardly necessary to particularize. To preserve, for instance, a becoming brevity—a brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant—that, surely, is the first duty of the biographer. The second, no less surely, is to maintain his own freedom of spirit. It is not his business to be complimentary; it is his business to lay bare the facts of the case, as he understands them. That is what I have aimed at in this book—to lay bare the facts of some cases, as I understand them, dispassionately,

impartially, and without ulterior intention. To quote the words of a master—"Je n'impose rien; je ne propose rien; j'expose."

This is not the sufficiently common bumptiousness of a swaggering incompetence; it is the rare but justified confidence of a man who knows that he has done what he set out to do. And if the concluding sentences are sufficiently wide of the mark to make one suspect an actual disingenuousness; if, in other words, it is clear enough that Strachey was not impartial or dispassionate and that he certainly did have an "ulterior intention," yet the whole passage could hardly be better as the rhetorical prologue to what was essentially a work of art.

"Eminent Victorians" was a brilliant book, and none of those which succeeded it—neither "Queen Victoria," "Elizabeth and Essex," nor "Portraits in Miniature"—did much more than profitably reemploy the talents which it revealed. But unlike most brilliant books it seems almost as brilliant fourteen years after publication as it did when it appeared, and to turn its pages again is to realize that the sensation which it caused is perfectly understandable today. Even though read many times before, these essays remain arresting, vivid, and irresistibly interesting. Nor does their wit—the only quality which can be illustrated by a phrase—seem any less flashing than it did. There is Dr. Arnold, writing a Roman history "based partly upon the researches of Niebuhr, and partly upon an aversion to Gibbon," or rising in the pulpit on a Sunday morning to explain to his pupils "the general principles both of his own conduct and that of the Almighty." There is also Lord Acton, "a historian to whom learning and judgment had not been granted in equal proportions, and who, after years of incredible and, indeed, almost mythical research, had come to the conclusion that the Pope could err." And though the allusions are learned, or at least, and like everything that Strachey wrote, rather bookish, the phrases are witty because they compress into a few words such a voluminous comment that they make one wonder if any other English writer since Gibbon was so expert at the business of "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." At every word a reputation dies.

Strachey was, of course, responsible for the development of the "new biography." Not only did he make the public (and the booksellers!) aware of the fact that biography might compete on its own formal merits with other branches of literature, but he actually set the details of a fashion by making, for example, the immediate past the most popular subject, and an ironic condescension the most popular tone. Yet it is not always sufficiently realized how free he was from the faults so common in many of his imitators—how the thoroughness of his information contrasts with their often superficial knowledge, and how the quiet deadliness of his rapier differs from the noisy ineffectiveness of their bludgeon. Nor should any criticism of his work fail to note how sure his judgment was in distinguishing between the art of the

biographical essay and those other arts from which many imitators have borrowed all too freely. He made biography interesting and he gave it form, but he never lost sight of the fact that a distinction must be made between the use or interpretation of records and mere invention. Instead of imagining a telling incident after the fashion of the novelizing biographers, he winnowed the haystack of sources for the significant fact or the revealing remark, and he made such facts or remarks serve his purpose far better than any invention could have served it. Turn, for example, to the concluding sentences of his essay on Manning:

The Cardinal's memory [he writes] is a dim thing today. And he who descends into the crypt of that cathedral which Manning never lived to see, will observe, in the quiet niche with the sepulchral monument, that the dust lies thick on the strange, the incongruous, the almost impossible object which, with its elaborations of dependent tassels, hangs down from the dim vault like some forlorn and forgotten trophy—the Hat.

This is rhetoric if you like; but there could hardly be a more telling rhetorical symbol of Strachey's point—that Manning had sold his soul for a trophy which no one now values—and yet the symbol is not a bit of fancy but one of those established facts with which it is the biographer's business to deal.

It was inevitable that there should be a slight reaction against the high and almost universal praise with which his first books were greeted. Over "Elizabeth and Essex," as well as over the recent "Portraits in Miniature," certain reviewers caviled, but they could hardly do more than point out that Strachey was not a universal genius and that his range was, as a matter of fact, rather narrow. Primarily an essayist rather than a historian, or even, in certain senses of the word, a biographer, he was remarkable chiefly for the literary use which he made of generally sound information. Most often choosing as subjects persons concerning whom much had already been written, he seldom if ever added anything to the stock of available information, and doubtless his knowledge could not compete with that of technical experts in the various periods with which he dealt. But he was at least very learned by comparison with ninety-nine out of a hundred "interpreters," and it was his business to select the revealing and the picturesque fact wherever he could find it. No pure scholar immersed in the details of research could have written his delightful essays, and whatever limitations may be discovered in his style and tone are similarly compensated for by the fact that it was by accepting them that he was able to achieve so completely all that he attempted to achieve.

One naturally compares him with certain of the eighteenth-century masters whom he so obviously admired, and the similarity goes deeper than tricks of style—deeper than the clarity of his sentences, the grave irony of his mocking, and the set precision of his frankly rhetorical passages. And it goes deeper because Strachey had cultivated the mind to which such a manner is appropriate. He was aloof from all the enthusiasms which have been popular since its time, and the world of his books is very largely the world as it was seen by an eighteenth-century eye. The fact is made evident by the rareness of any references to the scientific or economic considerations which play so large a part in recent writings. Thus his point of view is political, rationalistic,

and as nearly devoid of concern with amelioristic sociology as it is of romantic poetry. Thus, also, his ridicule falls swiftly upon any who deviate from common sense into eccentricity. He is so aware of Florence Nightingale's absurdity that he can hardly remember her greatness or respect her achievement. But this narrowness of interest, this impatience with anything which is not clear and rational, made possible to him, as it made possible to his models, the neat adequacy of his writings. Modern man is extraordinarily involved in things which he hopes, or senses, or half knows. He is aware of the inadequacy or incompleteness of his knowledge concerning things which he believes to be extremely important. Hence in his writing he is bound to be always qualifying and always inserting provisos. But all this, no matter how necessary it may be, is bad for his style. It clutters up his sentences and it blurs his effects. Strachey would have none of it. A writer before everything else, he would write about nothing which could not be written about well, and his essays are remarkable examples of the effectiveness to which such an attitude may lead.

To him one goes, not primarily for fact and not primarily for the most modern interpretations of either historical or other phenomena, but for that same literary delight which one seeks in a Gibbon. Take up any one of his essays and one may be sure of several rare and agreeable things. One may be sure that there will be no windiness or absurdity, no extravagance, and no folly. One may be sure also that one will find said all that shrewdness, wit, and cultivated common sense can say. There will be a beginning, a middle, and an end, and no loose threads left dangling.

Poem for My Daughter: II

By HORACE GREGORY

Tell her I love

to make these words a song
with her careful lips

(O bride

Spring and bridegroom at your side)
save them for the deep and long
moment when the northstar mind
perishes down quicksilver steep
walls of flesh where love and death
make a counterfeit of sleep.

Take this wreath to celebrate
union of the fire and rain,
bone and tissue

(Sleep O bride

for the waking limbs divide
into separate walls again)
Tell her I shall be riveted
into earth;

this wreath is grown
from black bronze roots to weave a crown
for the death mask and the head
fixed with its metallic smile
upward where generations climb
making garlands of their own
out of iron and of stone.

The Calm Within the Cyclone

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

ALL art is selection according to some prepossession in the mind of the artist. An artist's prepossessions may never rise to the dignity of a philosophy, may never be elaborated into a theory; but unless he is a fumbling incompetent, his fiction will tell us what he thinks about life. Whether he is a humorist, a writer of tragedy, or a concocter of sweetmeats for the feeble-hearted or feeble-minded, it is possible to trace out, by observing what he puts in or leaves out, his own scheme of values. Henry James had a definite point of view which he never attempted to formulate, self-consciously, into a theory of society. It was something apart from his idea of how to write a novel. Since he thought that art was based on selection and that the creation of a world within a world was the artist's purpose, we have every reason for seeking out his own picture of a desirable world. In tracing the outlines of his conception we must work from both positive and negative evidence. We must observe what he praises and what he condemns. There are more ways to condemn than make an impression on an untrained mind. It is as effective to condemn by irony as by emotional denunciation, by suave and subtle methods as by finger-pointing. Henry James never used the emotional method in his fiction. That he did not, increases the difficulty of stating precisely his vision of the world.

He was beyond all else the great exponent and defender of the leisure class. He joins himself, therefore, to the great aristocratic tradition in European literature. Coming late in the history of the leisure class, on the very edge, as we shall see, of its demise, he was lacking in many of the sharper prejudices cultivated before the middle-class revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He accepted with entire insouciance the fact that the class must recruit its members from the children of newly rich business men. Indeed, he often placed them on a higher moral plane than certain of the impoverished representatives of the group that belonged to it traditionally. Neither was he without a certain sympathy for the proletariat, as shown in "The Princess Casamassima," even though his understanding of proletarian unrest was ludicrously inadequate. Henry James was, in a word, a man of his time. His insight into social forces was weak. His vision was of a static society.

The bias of his mind in favor of the leisure class was deeply rooted. His father had deliberately cultivated the idea that none were so admirable as the leisured and cultivated. In Newport, just before the Civil War, he caught a glimpse of what the representatives of this class might be, and when he came to examine American society after the war he was shocked to find that even the saving remnant that had perilously maintained its footing in Newport had disappeared. The whole emphasis of American society was hostile to the immediate development of the class. The next step in America was to be the development of a plutocracy. James perceived the results of the American development very clearly, but since he had been trained to believe that the leisure class represented the *ne plus ultra* in human development, he was not able to forgo it as a subject for his fiction.

He wrestled conscientiously with the American society that was before his eyes, but he could make nothing of it. He was permanently barred from contact with the dynamic individuals in American society, the business men, a fact which he regretted to the end of his days. Obscurely he knew that if he could grasp them in his understanding he would be close to the American secret. Not being able to do so, he accepted as final wisdom a conclusion he had drawn from his study of Balzac. Late in life he formulated it once again:

What we on our side in a thousand places gratefully feel is that [Balzac] cares for his monarchical and ecclesiastical society because it rounds itself for his mind into the most congruous and capacious theater for the repertory of his innumerable comedians. It has, above all, for a painter abhorrent of the superficial, the inestimable benefit of the accumulated, of strong marks and fine shades, contrasts and complications.

It was forced in on James that if he wished to deal with complex people he must search for them in a society exhibiting at least some of the paraphernalia exploited by Balzac. He found his resting-place in the nearest approximation to Balzacian society available after the revolutionary upheavals that had swept the world since his day. But he also went beyond Balzac in the sense that he concentrated his attention upon the finest types in that society. With his ineluctable prejudice against "simple organisms" he could hardly do otherwise. He knew that he was doing something unique and special, and the fact was confirmed during a lifetime of change. Scanning the works of his predecessors and contemporaries—Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, Searo, D'Annunzio—he found them all deficient in insight into superior people. None of them obtrudes except in the crudest fashion upon his own selected domain, and in that way, if in no other, he differed from his generation.

But as he pursued his quarry into its most secret places, he left behind him the seething world of naked social forces, and found it possible to deal with life and living without reference to the passions that are necessary to successful functioning in it. "In all the life that has energy enough to be interesting to me," wrote George Bernard Shaw many years ago, "subjective volition, passion, will, make intellect the merest tool. But there is in the center of that cyclone a certain calm spot where cultivated ladies and gentlemen live on independent incomes or by pleasant artistic occupations. It is there that Mr. James's art touches life, selecting whatever is graceful, exquisite, or dignified in its serenity." Henry James's people lived in sublime unconsciousness of their position in the center of the cyclone, and their creator was but dimly aware of the cyclone himself. He could only imagine that those who were excluded from it by birth and economic circumstances might be restless because they could not get to the "center." His careerists, moreover, are not Julien Sorels. The idea that reasonable men might wish to destroy it altogether never entered his mind. Only unreasonable men could cherish such an idea. And if he once reflected upon the terrible basis of exploitation upon which

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific information required.

such a society rested, he was so enamored of the possibilities of the situation that he was able to blink away what he had glimpsed. His severest criticisms were reserved for the decay of manners and the corruption of ideals among those happy few whose hereditary or achieved resting-place the "center" was.

In his search for a society which would in some vague way provide him with the materials for the construction of his ideal world, he tried first the United States, then Italy, then France. He finally settled upon England, not because it completely corresponded to his conceptions, but because it offered the nearest replica in the actual world, and because living there was pleasurable to him personally. In England he found the requisite social machinery for the lives of the happy few in operation, and while he did not make use of it all in his stories, it provided him with a background against which to paint his pictures. In the famous passage from his critical study of Hawthorne he described the machinery he found necessary by enumerating the items lacking in the American scene:

No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, no manners, nor old country-houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor ivied ruins; no cathedrals, nor abbeys, nor little Norman churches; no great universities, nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom nor Ascot!

But if he thought that to do a completely satisfactory novel he should work with a background in which all these and more were present, he made singularly little use of them in his fiction. He simply felt that without them present to him in the surrounding air his people existed in a void. Their very lives were conditioned by these factors, even if they were not dragged in on every possible occasion. They formed a part of the mental furniture of his people.

He concentrated his interest on his people, in this fashion still further removing himself from questions of social forces, historical movements. Character was James's consuming interest, and character in its highest expression, which he took to be under the conditions of leisure-class life. His people are very special types, carefully trained, specially disciplined, having ideals of conduct and motives for their conduct far removed from those galvanizing more ordinary mortals. They were controlled neither by social compulsions nor by unconscious psychological drives. Indeed, they were supremely self-conscious. Never for a moment did they lose an acute awareness of the freedom of their wills, and they are portrayed as acting according to the dictates of conscience controlled by taste and imagination. While their values might be based on traditional accumulations, they never acted without thought, but only after the most scrupulous examination of their motives. Correct conduct became with them the product of taste, conscience, and imagination, and in consequence high, fine, and above all beautiful. James is very close to the third Earl of Shaftesbury in his opinions. If his people were deficient in any one of these factors, their conduct was aberrant, and a fatal indictment of a James character is to say that he lacks taste and conscience. He may, though not if he is one of the truly celebrated, lack imagination. But if he lacks conscience, of which taste is the

overt expression, he is damned. Taste may be rather strange so far as dress and manners go, but in moral matters it is impeccable. And as conscience is the basis of taste, so taste is the correcting and controlling factor with regard to imagination. It is imagination that carries James's people to the highest pitch of mental development.

With the three great factors active, the only logical result was an almost tedious self-consciousness about action. And it is the very fact that in James's world these factors are active that makes his "dramatic" novels seem so nearly static. No James character remains unconscious of his predicament. In direct contrast to the deterministic novels with their emphasis upon man as the creature of socio-psychological compulsions, the James novels deal with men and women who are acutely "aware." No more illuminating contrast can be drawn as illustrating one of the great differences between James and one of the most notable of his American successors, Theodore Dreiser, than the difference between James's self-conscious people, with their free wills, and the men and women of Dreiser's novels, who are supremely lacking in awareness, completely victims of a determining environment and psychological compulsions. This contrast goes deeper than any mere difference in fictional method. Its roots are in the fact that Dreiser explored, with as active a receptivity of impressions as James, the very American waste land that James rejected. He found his impressions crystallized and confirmed by the mechanistic evolutionary monism of Spencer and others of that time. This contrast is a measure of what in all probability James escaped, as it was precisely at the time that his ideas were taking definite shape that Spencerianism was most active and impressive. Would he have been able at once closely to study American society and escape the Spencerian conclusion after the fashion of his brother William? There is every reason to doubt it, for if ever a society seemed to justify a deterministic point of view it was American society from 1870 on. It is the absence from James's world of the factors with which Dreiser is so deeply concerned that makes it seem vague and unreal to those whose taste is for the sociological novel. They cannot see any rational basis to his psychology. That it had a scientific basis the writer would be the last to argue, but he does argue that properly and sympathetically viewed it makes James's world intelligible. Furthermore, it often results in the characters' acting from motives which are in exact correspondence with those current in the Anglo-Saxon world at large, so far as it is untouched by modern psychological findings.

Since James's chosen way of handling his material was dramatic, and since he could not work without placing his characters in "predicaments," it follows that he juxtaposed his evil and good characters to bring out the drama and define the predicament. The characters he admired are the "pure in heart." It is to Isabel Archer, Milly Theale, and Maggie Verver that his heart goes out. His disapproval weighs upon Gilbert Osmond, Kate Croy, and Charlotte Stant. And if their cases are considered thoughtfully, it will appear that the pure in heart are trying to live beautifully in freedom. They are defeated by the malignancy of the world. There is no doubt that James had a profound realization of the vileness of the world. "A prouder nature never affronted the long humiliation of life," he wrote of Fanny Kemble, and that judgment might almost stand as an

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epigraph for his great characters. The struggle for beautiful living, for freedom, for a situation in which one can act spontaneously from the purest of motives, tells us by plain implication his vision of the highest human felicity. He thought he saw the requisite fundamentals of such a society in the leisure class of his time. He did not take the leisure class at its own valuation, but starting from what it presented to the discerning eye, he projected a vision of a society higher and nobler than any he had found. In writing his fiction he was compelled to admit that his completely admirable characters could only expect to suffer defeat from contemporary conditions. And he censured the conditions in no uncertain terms, whether they were new growths or long-established traditions of human obliquity.

His pure in heart were usually Americans, and this in spite of the fact that he had rejected America as a scene on which to work. He may have been influenced in this view of the American character, particularly the female character, by his father's ideas unconsciously and inadequately absorbed. Whatever the origin of the bias, it is apparent that he thought that these women and men would suffer an even more complete defeat under American conditions, and that if they were to gain any satisfaction from life at all, it would be in the European situation. And if, in any imaginable future, they were to flourish in complete freedom, it would be in a society which was a sublimation of European leisure-class life into something unimaginably higher and finer.

Yet in spite of the splendor of James's vision there is something seemingly shallow and limited about it. In his curious distaste for "simple organisms," we may find one of the important limitations of his reasoning. It led him to consider the case of complex and highly disciplined people working on narrow "class" problems, and to ignore the more simple and naive types whose "implications" were more "human." In this way he narrowed the appeal of his treatment by seeming to narrow the application of the truth with which he was dealing. It is only when we consider his version of the difficulties of the pure in heart in comparison with that of Herman Melville that we see that he treated here a universal problem in a specialized manner. We find Melville dealing with the pure in heart in his last novel, "Billy Budd." The problem worried Melville to a far greater extent than it did James, but he presented his version of the difficulty on a far simpler plane than James. Billy Budd, our example, is the type of morally naive man—a man of primitive Adamic purity—victimized and brought to his death by a corrupt creature whose moral obloquy is beyond Budd's comprehension. Now Melville persistently visualized this situation and found no way of resolving it any more than James did. But—and here is the point—he saw that good and evil are permanent factors in the world whether we deal with their expression in simple or in complex people, and that evil will triumph over good as often as not. Higher than either is justice, and the best that we can pray for is that those delegated the function of dealing out justice really meet the exacting demands of their position. James had just as firm a grasp on the problem as Melville, but with his narrower social sympathies he so specialized the problem that it is with difficulty that we realize that he is dealing with a matter of universal import. This weakens the appeal of his work even if it does not detract from its validity.

Continuing on this same line, we find in this point the key to the fundamental flaw of his whole vision. In concentrating his attention upon highly complicated representatives of a highly specialized social group, he brought the interest of his stories to the narrowest possible point. And by developing a complex method with which to deal with his very special people, he still further narrowed the appeal. The fundamental problems remained the same, but his people expressed themselves, not directly with reference to native emotions, but in self-conscious and even niggling debates over points of conduct—secondary and tertiary growths. By burying the problems under a thick and luxuriant covering of manners, he led the careless reader easily to believe that manners are the whole story. But they are not! James was unquestionably right in insisting that the more complex the people and the more acutely self-conscious they became, the more interesting they became to the analyst. But in pandering to the analyst in him he hid the moralist. Indeed, he almost destroyed him, and his vision got almost hopelessly entangled in the enormous developing tropical plant of adventitious circumstances! If the critic may be so presumptuous as to put his finger on what he thinks to be James's first misstep, he may place it on that period in his life, the Newport time before the Civil War, when he got the idea that leisure-class life in a complex society was the highest expression of human living. Once that vision got a firm hold on Henry James's mind, it was only a question of time until he would end up by writing so baroque a piece of fiction as "The Golden Bowl."

Had James lived in a feudal society at the height of its glory and had at his command (an impossible conjunction of circumstances to be sure) all the resources he developed for fiction writing, he would have been one of the chief glories of that sort of society. It was his misfortune to live at the very end of an epoch in world history, when even the grip of the middle class over the governments of Western Europe was weakening, and the proletarian ideal was in the making. He accommodated himself very well in the world so long as no overt and dislocating catastrophe took place. He could ignore, with a certain complacency, the warning voices of such writers as H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw. He could take a certain scared interest in the stirrings of the proletariat without finding any more drastic remedy than "democracy with a chance." But he could not envisage the extinction of his world. He could not foresee the time when the leisure class would be written down as a mere parasite on the social body, worthy only of the drastic treatment meted out to biological parasites. In direct contrast to the position of his brother William, he believed in the fixed and the permanent. His world was a static world, a closed universe. Had his social vision been broader, and had his sense of historical change been greater, he would never have been led into this astonishing error. Far from being a defender of civilization against barbarism, as a distinguished and cultured critic has recently celebrated him for being, or the proponent of cosmopolitanism against provincialism, as he frequently envisaged himself, he was the supreme representative of the leisure class advanced to the stage of selectively admitting the moneyed middle class to a part in the life on sufferance, but not to the stage of seeing that the whole structure was in acute danger of collapsing and disappearing at the demand of the onward-marching proletariat.

Lullaby for Jonathan

By FRANCES FROST

The earth in the night,
The earth in a spiral of stars
Rocks slowly with its white
Streams that fall
In alleys of crying down a mountain wall,
With its boulder-scars
Settled more darkly into the thawing hills.
The wild sap fills
The budded trees; vertical madness spills
In a froth of leaves from the shaken and secret bough.

This is an hour for sleep . . . O child, close now
Your eyes on the furious spring!
Weep not for anything who now may lie
Cradled upon a world that in the sky
Rocks with its cloud of savage blossoming!
Not yet must you be ardent and possessed,
Loving the flesh, the grass,
The dangerous winds and the steep
Grooves of wilderness-water thundering down.
Oh, close your eyes against the perilous, deep
Chasm of midnight where the strange stars pass . . .
This is the hour when in the valleys of spring
Only the very young and the old may sleep.

Books

What's Wrong with Utopia?

Brave New World. By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

ON the flyleaf of this novel is a quotation from Nicolas Berdiaeff: "Les utopies apparaissent comme bien plus réalisables qu'on ne le croyait autrefois. Et nous nous trouvons actuellement devant une question bien autrement angoissante: Comment éviter leur réalisation définitive?" Mr. Huxley has portrayed here a Utopia that obviously he would wish to avoid. It is set ostensibly in the far future, the year of Our Ford, 632. One has not read very far, however, before one perceives that this is not really Mr. Huxley's idea of what the future will be like, but a projection of some contemporary ideals. So far as progress in invention is concerned, there is very little in this Utopia, outside of the biological sphere at least, that does not seem realizable within the next twenty years—though people do go to the "feelies." Economically, the ideals that prevail are those usually associated with Henry Ford—mass production and particularly mass consumption. Everyone spends freely, and games and other pleasures that do not require the use of elaborate and expensive apparatus are frowned upon. The social organization is communistic—there is a World State managed by ten World Controllers, who head an almost Catholic hierarchy; everyone is assigned his job, is educated to identify his interests with those of everyone else, and is suspected if he is ever found alone. The official religion is Fordianity; people under stress of emotion say "Ford forbid!" or "Ford's in his flivver; all's well with the world," and make the sign of the T. "My Life and Work" has replaced the Bible, and all old books are forbidden to circulate because they sug-

gest the past and history is bunk. Moreover, reading wastes time that should be given to consumption.

The sexual *mores* stem from the ideals associated with the names of Freud and Bertrand Russell. There is complete promiscuity; every woman carries a set of contraceptives with her; the children are taught erotic games in the kindergarten; marriage and the home have disappeared; any approach to monogamy is considered hardly decent; children are brought to birth in bottles in laboratories, and mother and father have become merely obscene words. Sentimentality and a curious bottle-fixation seem to have survived, however, for the people sing such popular songs as:

Bottle of mine, it's you I've always wanted!
Bottle of mine, why was I ever decanted?
Skies are blue inside of you,
The weather's always fine;
For
There ain't no Bottle in all the world
Like that dear little Bottle of mine.

Curiously enough, there is no democracy, but, on the contrary, a rigid caste system. Each caste is set off from the others not only by the work it does, but by the color of its clothes and even by physical constitution. The Alphas represent the highest intellectual class, from which all the directors are recruited; they are selected from the finest chromosomes, and developed in their bottles under optimum chemical conditions. The classes graduate down through Betas, Gammas, Deltas, and finally Epsilons, who do the most menial work, and are even purposely stunted in growth by a shortage of oxygen in their incubator bottles. The purpose of the caste system is social stability. There could obviously be no social stability if everyone were an Alpha. The lower castes are prevented from being dissatisfied by having brains geared down to the work they have to do. In addition to these hereditary and prenatal precautions, conditioning along the lines discovered by Freud, Pavlov, and Watson begins at birth. The secret of happiness and virtue, as one director points out, is liking what you've got to do; therefore all conditioning aims at making people like their unescapable social destiny. Children are conditioned to hate flowers by giving them regularly an electric shock when they touch them. In their sleep certain maxims, like "Everybody belongs to everybody else," are repeated to them over and over again, so that the adult mind accepts them as axioms. Finally, these people are also protected from whatever physical and emotional pain there may be left in the world by regular doses of *soma*, a drug somewhat similar in its qualities to morphine, with none of the latter's bad after-effects.

What is wrong with this Utopia? Mr. Huxley attempts to tell us by the device of introducing a "savage," brought up under other ideals on an Indian reservation, and having read that author unknown to the Model T Utopia, Shakespeare. In the admittedly violent and often irrational reactions of the "savage" we have the indictment of this civilization. Not only is there no place in it for love, for romance, for fidelity, for parental affection; there is no suffering in it, and hence absolutely no need of nobility and heroism. In such a society the tragedies of Shakespeare become not merely irrelevant, but literally meaningless. This Model T civilization is distinguished by supreme stability, comfort, and happiness, but these things can be purchased only at a price, and the price is a high one. Not merely art and religion are brought to a standstill, but science itself, lest it make discoveries that would be socially disturbing. Even one of the ten World Controllers is led to suspect the truth, though of course forbidding the publication of a theory holding that the purpose of life is not the maintenance of well-being, but "some intensification and refining of consciousness, some enlargement of knowledge."

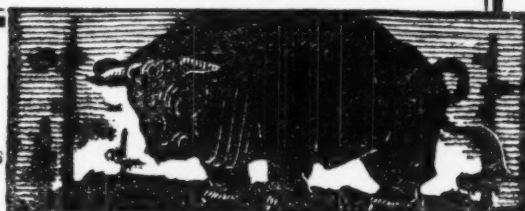
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satire; but one need not accept all its apparent implications. A little suffering, a little irrationality, a little division and chaos, are perhaps necessary ingredients of an ideal state, but there has probably never been a time when the world has not had an oversupply of them. Only when we have reduced them enormously will Mr. Huxley's central problem become a real problem. Meanwhile reformers can continue to strain every muscle in the quiet assurance of their own futility. They may, for example, form their Leagues of Nations, draw up their Kellogg Pacts and Nine-Power Treaties, and hold their disarmament conferences, in the calm confidence that a Japan will still brutally attack a China.

HENRY HAZLITT

Two Reviews of Mr. Tarkington

Mary's Neck. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

MR. TARKINGTON'S latest novel might be reviewed in one of two ways. Let us call the first

THE MODE UNHUMOROUS

Readers interested in some minor sidelights on the decay of American middle-class culture should turn to "Mary's Neck," a new novel by an author who, once upon a time, in a book called "Alice Adams," evidenced a sincere desire to deal fearlessly with his material. As Mr. Tarkington is already comfortably provided with the goods of this world, he must have written "Mary's Neck" because he liked to do so, which is to say that it represents to a degree his present attitude toward a certain level of American life.

Mr. Tarkington is an observer of really valuable talents: he has a quick eye and ear, a true though not a philosophic sense of humor, and can tell a story more clearly and craftily than nine-tenths of his fellow-novelists. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that he employs these talents so unfruitfully. He knows the surface behavior of Americans (the more comfortable ones) as few know it; but he has more and more consistently refused (out of laziness? out of timidity? out of stupidity? out of all three?) to recognize either the dramatic or the social meaning of this behavior. If Mr. Tarkington were merely a light novelist like Mr. Wodehouse, this intellectual constriction would be excusable, even laudable; for of Mr. Wodehouse and his kind we demand a certain fairy-tale defiance of reality. But Mr. Tarkington has the reputation of a social satirist. He deals in national types. No matter how gossamer the story of "Mary's Neck" may be, the book *does* have something to say about American society, American women, the younger generation, prohibition, and other solemn topics. And what it has to say about these things cannot be put in the category of happy-go-lucky chaffing. What it has to say is pernicious propaganda for smugness, stupidity, waste, cruelty, and weakness. Mr. Tarkington probably does not know this, but his good intentions do not alter the fact that the 100,000 comfortable Americans (particularly women) who read his books will subconsciously absorb it as an apology for their own mode of life.

In "Mary's Neck" there is only one even mildly intelligent character—Madame Parka; and there is only one relatively decent person—Mr. Massey, the narrator. The others, by their own actions, show themselves up—despite the author's gentle and tolerant smile—as snobs, dipsomaniacs, hypocrites, and vulgarities. The mainspring of the book is the activities of the Massey family. Mr. Massey performs a single function: he supplies money to Mrs. Massey and to Enid and Clarissa, her two half-witted daughters—or, translated into Tarkingtonese, wholesome American girls. The female Masseys spend the

entire summer in various highly organized forms of conspicuous waste for which the emasculated (Tarkingtonese: good-natured) Mr. Massey pays. The present reviewer, who is noted for his lack of humor, here presents an approximate listing of the summer expenditures of the Massey family—that is, those expenditures specifically referred to in the book. I commend this list to the attention of Mr. Stuart Chase.

Traveling expenses from Illinois to Maine and back	\$1,000
Cottage rent	2,000
Hired help (including gardener hired to satisfy Mrs. Massey's uncontrollable, though impermanent, lust for New England gardens)	500
Fake antiques brought home in triumph by female Masseys	1,000
Buying and enlarging cottage—necessary to assure female Masseys' peace of mind	10,000
Run-arounds for female Masseys	4,000
Repair of damages to furniture caused by presence of Eddie Bullfinch, Enid's semi-lunatic admirer	250
Purchases of "modern art"—Miss Massey's gesture toward Higher Life	1,500
Country-club dues (necessitated by social ambitions of female Masseys)	500
Extra expenses incurred as result of above	500
Fee and expenses of Doctor Gilmerding, lecturer (another gesture toward Higher Life on part of female Masseys)	250
Purchase of frame to enshrine picture of another of Miss Enid's dribble-mouthed young men	70

This makes an approximate total of \$25,000 spent that the female Masseys may remain unconscious of the fact that they have no legitimate reason for existing.

There are about two hundred other residents of "Mary's Neck," all engaged in doing the Massey kind of thing. If we assume that the female contingent of each family indulges in conspicuous waste only up to the modest amount of \$10,000 per family, we have a total of \$200,000 thrown away during a single summer season at one small, exclusive resort. This outlay, meaningless, non-productive, and associated only with the meanest and cruellest of human emotions (greed, snobbery, and hatred), is really the skeleton of the anatomy of Mr. Tarkington's society. His women spend; and his "men"—the gelded rich—accede supinely to this spending because (Mr. Massey is a nice case in point) the very guts have been slowly drawn out of them by the confident fingers of their women-folk.

And all the fake art and culture which drives us to despair—all the Doctor Gilmerdings and New England antique collectors and art-colony fakers—all this is nourished by the stupidity and snobbery of the female Masseys and by the vacant-eyed, grinning generosity of their gutted male appendages who have enough brains to run large-sized industries but not enough to combat the exhibitionist whimsies of their women.

It is perfectly true that all this is material for farce, but Mr. Tarkington is not writing farce, he is writing social comedy. Apparently he invites us not merely to guffaw but to think—and then, because he is unable or unwilling to expose the real meaning of his very able observation, prevents us from doing any real thinking at all.

What is there in our literary set-up which produces "in-between" novelists such as Mr. Tarkington, Miss Hurst, Miss Ferber—men and women of keen minds and great diligence, but who, somehow, with the rich materials of our life under their very hands, draw back and present us with bastard fictions which are neither genuine entertainment nor genuine novels? In Germany a writer like Vicki Baum turns out the same bastard art form—but she does it self-consciously. She is faking, she knows she is faking, she wants to fake, and she is sure that her audience wants to be bamboozled. Not so Mr. Tark-

ington, Miss Hurst, Miss Ferber: they are as honest as sunlight, but something betrays them, some essential blindness, some fear. Perhaps the fatal flaw in their work is due to their dim consciousness of the increasing non-significance of the class to which they have elected to belong. They have thrown in their lot with a way of life which already stinks of putrescence, and perhaps it is too much to ask of them that they should open wide their nostrils.

The second way of reviewing "Mary's Neck" might be termed

THE MODE AFFABLE

"Mary's Neck" is one of Mr. Tarkington's pleasantest and shrewdest tales. It deals with the adventures and misadventures of the Massey family, consisting of Mr. Massey, president of the Logansville, Illinois, Light and Power Company; his wife, and their two young daughters, Enid and Clarissa. The wholesome, average, upper-middle-class, but rather naive Masseys invade the exclusive Maine seaside resort of "Mary's Neck," and attempt, a bit fumblingly, to accommodate themselves to an environment to which they are not by nature adapted. Mr. Massey is one of Booth Tarkington's most understanding portraits. It is he who, in his garrulous, Middle Western lingo, relates, with a certain amount of humorous detachment, the efforts which his wife and his two attractive daughters make in the direction of art, literature, and the social elegancies of the best Eastern families. In the course of his gentle but shrewd satire, Mr. Tarkington creates a small gallery of amusing characters, all the way from destructive little Paulie Timberlake, aged nine, up to Doctor Gilmerding, lecturer and authority on the habits of the Ogilluwaya Indians. Mr. Tarkington, in the course of the years, has grown mellow and more tolerant in his view of American life. The Babbitt-baiters and the viewers-with-alarm will turn with contempt from this merry tale, but the rest of us, less stiff-necked perhaps in our literary preferences, will be only too happy to tender Booth Tarkington a vote of thanks for this consistently intelligent and amusing addition to his long list of distinguished novels.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Education in America

The Theory of Education in the United States. By Albert Jay Nock. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

A SMALL volume on education, worthy in style and content of Matthew Arnold's pen and brain—is not this an amazing event? It comes, of course, not from a professor in a school or college of education, but from an urbane and mellow scholar, educated in what he calls the Great Tradition, and keenly sensitive to the meaning of words. Mr. Nock perceives the profound truth of Renan's observation: "Countries which, like the United States, have set up a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher education will long have to expiate their error by their intellectual mediocrity, the vulgarity of their manners, their superficial spirit, their failure in general intelligence." And we are expiating it with a vengeance. Misled by catchwords like "democracy" and "equality," we have in the realm of the spirit and the intellect leveled down to the average or subaverage person; and we have obliterated the distinction between liberal and instrumental. In thorough agreement with Mr. Nock, Justice Holmes once said that democracy and equality have a meaning in the social and political sphere; but "when the effervescence of democratic negation extends to spiritual things, we are not only wrong, but ignobly wrong." Precisely the same is true of sub-

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ject matter and activities. Science, art, literature, politics, mathematics, music give scope to taste, ideals, and intelligence; out of them educated persons can be made. But street-cleaning, dish-washing, laundering, and shaving are merely instrumental: someone must do them; perhaps everyone, for one reason or another, should participate in them. But out of them no liberal education can be fashioned for either youth or adults. Indeed, the whole adult-education movement will founder unless the steadily increasing leisure of manual and other workers is utilized to bring into their lives interests and outlooks that are totally apart from their mental, mechanical, or instrumental activities. In his recent Inglis Lecture, Professor Dewey places zoology and laundering on some sort of educational parity. He says truly that zoology may be made "narrow and confining"; but he fails to note that laundering cannot help being "narrow and confining," whereas zoology rightly presented is an enlightening discipline. The generation that has been demoralized by the equalitarian philosophy that assumes equal importance for Homer, Spinoza, and "food etiquette" ought to be brought to its senses by Mr. Nock's careful and restrained exposition of what education really is.

But while the indiscriminate admission of any sort of knowledge or skill has for the time being destroyed colleges and universities and with them a race or group or remnant of educated men, I am much more willing than Mr. Nock to depart from the letter of the Great Tradition. Educable persons can be educated by means of so-called modern subjects; but, as Mr. Nock rightly maintains, not by being nursed and spoon-fed. Education is a difficult, perilous, exacting adventure; only those competent to struggle upwards with little help are going to be educated. Our schools and colleges and universities, in becoming "public-service institutions," have ceased, as Mr. Nock points out, to be colleges and universities. His appeal that they drop the name of college or university will fall on deaf ears—partly because they know not the enormity of what they do, partly because they are loath to disclose their nakedness.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER

A Cloud of Dadaists

The European Caravan. Edited by Samuel Putnam. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$4.

THERE are compendia and compendia. "The European Caravan," however, as compiled and translated by Samuel Putnam and several associates, manages to be an affair of extraordinary interest. A strange book, well off the beaten track, its successful qualities seem rather the result of intuition and happy accident than of design. As a gleaning from ten years of the literary advance guard in Europe it is not always a happy amalgam: the English and Spanish sections—save for Gomez de la Serna—have but little excitement for us; the fragments come and go too swiftly to be tasted or appreciated. As translation "The European Caravan" generally fails creditably before fearful hazards: those of reproducing the writings of young men who exclaim in the manner of Rimbaud, "Prends l'éloquence et tords son cou!"—who, hating literature, seek to "wring its neck." But in itself, the French section, filling half the spacious volume and bulwaried by a mass of explanatory notes, appeals to us powerfully through the bars of translation; as an account of a decade of artistic and moral experiment which has been little understood or recorded, it becomes superb dramatic history.

The amateur spirit has always thrived in France, to the shame of all the professional writers of books for railway stalls and all the academicians. The literary world pictured in this anthology is composed of a far greater number of apocalyptic

characters than we ever hear of; it is made up of men and women who arrive from Chile or Rumania with their own absolute, uncompromising solutions, setting up their own altars, their own reviews, gathering apostles, or sometimes furnishing, in their own persons, an audience of a single reader. Thus many schools, "movements," controversies are paraded before us by Mr. Putnam with no little pedantry. You have dadaism in revolt against society and its arts; you have surrealism succeeding dadaism; and finally you have "creationism" revolting against both surrealism and literature. But "creationism," as this reviewer recalls, happened to be a hoax played upon the South American who was its only prophet and "angel." In any case we perceive clearly enough that during this period the moderns of the apocalyptic type were far more interesting for their actions than for their writings.

Dadaism has been defined as a tremendous and violent joke upon society in general. If it was a joke, it was a rather bitter one. In retrospect, it appears to have begun and ended in an affair of suicide. Certainly it was the most dynamic "movement" of the period. A young philosopher, dandy, and soldier, Jacques Vaché, who killed himself in 1918, seems to have furnished the cult in his letters and conversation with much of the nihilistic doctrine and sinister humor it embraced. There were other precursors, of course, for Breton, Aragon, and Soupault to nourish themselves with. After the war Tzara came over from Zurich to join them, bringing his barbarous boom-boom and the new god "Dada."

"Dada meant nothing," as its devotees asserted again and again. It was the end of all "movements." At the same time it promised a new technique for promoting disorders, farces, sensations, revolts, of all kinds, and especially publicity of a grim and offensive humor. It was to furnish a "weapon for the demolition of the Old World," for perpetual revolution. Those who attended, between 1920 and 1923, the noisy "conventions" and soirees of Dada, who heard the reading of dadaist texts to the accompaniment of jazz bands, who watched the bold conduct of plots or exploits in "bad taste" calculated always to insult the public, felt themselves privileged indeed. The leaders, including also Marcel Duchamps and Picabia, were men either of remarkable fertility or remarkable talent. At moments men like Valéry, Picasso, Paul Morand, and Cocteau were their partisans as well. Even the aged Tory, Maurice Barrès, admitted his envy of them. Why? Because manifestly the dadaist-surrealists armed themselves with a kind of absolute moral "sincerity" which repudiated all worldly compromise, thus approaching anew the anti-social and romantic doctrines of Jean-Jacques. If to be thus sincere meant, upon occasions, to be destructive, the ringleaders did not blench. Their "conspiracies" ranged from the pernicious dissemination of social defeatism to the more comic aspects of revolt, such as aiding in the escape from parental tyranny of young poets destined for the theological seminary. I remember well the organized and successful effort of a whole troop of dadaists, against the Parisian police and detective force, on behalf of an eloping couple whom they concealed in the heart of the city. For a period an underground fame and authority brought the insurgent young to their camp, as to an ardent foyer of revolution.

Among such nihilists and super-Bohemians there could not fail to be peridy of the most elaborate kind, dissension most merciless. Trials were held which seemed fully as terrifying as those under the revolutionary tribunals of 1793. Again and again, following storms within the microcosm, the movement would "purge" itself, until it was broken into unrecognizable fragments. The army of snobs and dandies who had followed it with delight knew not where to turn.

The rise and fall of a line of dadaist-surrealists is traced in detail by Mr. Putnam, and illustrated by examples of their "texts" which never fail to appear strange in English. (1)

is a pity that nothing by Louis Aragon has been included; although it may evidently have been impossible to secure the co-operation of a writer who, in the most menacing terms, recently forbade all the book reviewers in France ever to mention his name.) Some of the group had led double lives—that is, preserved good homes, brought up children, in after hours. Like Soupault, they could say, once the great days were over, "I write novels, I publish books. I keep busy!" Others have turned to the religions of Karl Marx or St. Thomas; even to the cult of *conformisme*. One of them at any rate, Jacques Rigaut, well known as an occasional resident of New York, carried defeatism to its limits. This charming, impeccably dressed young Frenchman ("Lord Patchogue") was the hero of a story written by one of his colleagues, called "The Empty Valise." On November 5, 1929, he ended his life with a pistol. "Here," as Mr. Putnam observes, "was one dadaist-surrealist who put the thing into practice." But then, suicide is an old story in the history of French letters.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Books in Brief

The Bridal Gown. By Kristmann Gudmundsson. Translated by O. F. Theis. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$2.50.

"The Bridal Gown" is in the best tradition of Scandinavian literature, a sober, detached study of two generations of Icelandic farmers. The symbolism of the stain on the bridal gown, the husband's fanatic repentance to his dead wife, his daughter's eventual breakdown in her attempt to remove the stain—this story of hatreds and lifelong revenge is clearly reminiscent of Selma Lagerlöf's "Ring of the Löwenskölde." There is a great difference in that the madness and cruelty of the characters of "The Bridal Gown" are treated with a matter-of-fact casualness and a tolerant humor that suggest an acceptance of them as normal human conduct. Melodrama so simply written that its excesses seem natural loses much of its effectiveness, but "The Bridal Gown" remains a powerful and memorable novel.

No Minor Vices. By Edmund S. Whitman. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

A young man goes to Central America out of a proper New England home to work as timekeeper on a banana plantation. He disintegrates in the usual manner. Even the author's autobiographical interest in relating minutely all the details of life on a banana plantation, and the various angles of the problem of whether to sleep or not to sleep with brown-skinned women, cannot give the account any force or vividness; it sinks with each page farther into dulness.

Mud and Stars. By Dorothea York. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.

Miss York has made a very complete and interesting collection of the soldier songs of the Allied nations in the late war. Her contention is that men in the trenches sang perhaps more of love than of war, that certainly when they wrote down their verses their subjects were most likely to be sentimental. She has, of course, done considerable editing of these songs, since otherwise many of them would not be allowed in print, but she has been able to keep the full flavor of the lines and much of their quick humor. Since variation was rather the rule than the exception, she has caught only one version—enough to indicate how the thing was done. Acquainted as Miss York is with a large body of this folksong, she is able to make some interesting distinctions between, for example, the songs of the Tommies and of the Doughboys.

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ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO. 4 West 16th St., N. Y.

The Oxford Lists. By H. C. Boulbee. Oxford University Press. \$1.

This is a slim little volume of capable but rather dull poetry on the themes of war, beauty, life, and death. The poet, who is probably Canadian, shows familiarity with the whole tradition of English poetry, and the skill which training in the history of that poetry sometimes gives. But he has almost nothing new to say and he uses a literary language which stunts the emotion.

Music

Mental and Bodily Rhythm

THE slightly misty word "eurythmics" has somewhat clouded, in the minds of those unacquainted with what it stands for, the signal importance of the works of Emile Jaques-Dalcroze. The fact that the system of musical instruction evolved by him has been of great assistance to dancers—and that some of the most conspicuous dancers, like Mary Wigman, are former Dalcroze pupils—has tended to obscure in the public mind the essentially musical origin and application of "eurythmics."

Emile Jaques (the "Dalcroze" is a synthetic pseudonym) came upon the ideas that underlie his work as a teacher of *solfège* (ear-training and sight-reading) and theory at the Geneva Conservatory. In his work he found—what is proved anew continually in the round of concertgoing—that, of the elements of music, rhythm is the least understood, and that while systems of melodic and harmonic instruction have been evolved in great detail, and are generally used, the rhythmic side of the musical personality is usually left entirely uncultivated. It had been felt that "either one had a rhythmic sense or one hadn't," and that in the latter case there was nothing to be done about it—chiefly because before Jaques-Dalcroze there had been very little idea what to do. His search for a form of instruction in rhythm that would correspond to the regular training in *solfège* and harmony led him to a study of bodily rhythm, and of the relations of bodily movement to musical rhythm.

These relations are, of course, fundamental—the origins of rhythm itself having been in these same bodily movements that Dalcroze organized and conventionalized for study purposes. Their historical connection is, of course, no guaranty of their pedagogic efficacy. But the direct advantage of rhythmic movement is that it offers to the novice the sort of active musical experience that he could not otherwise hope to participate in until after years of technical study; and that for the musician it isolates just those problems which his years of technical training have too often entirely failed to teach him.

The number of "finished musicians," for example, who can sustain an even tempo over a considerable period of time is lamentably small; yet there are doubtless few of these same musicians who have any difficulty in walking several blocks at a fairly even gait. Their training has cerebralized their rhythmic faculties to such an extent that they have forgotten that there is any relation between the two activities. To teach them to rediscover that relation, to use the regularities and irregularities of bodily movement as a guide to corresponding regularities and irregularities in music, and to prevent the child or the novice from losing his sense of the identity of bodily and mental rhythm, is one aim of the eurythmics class.

Almost as important—for the adult perhaps even more important—is the freedom from muscular inhibition which the rhythmic gymnastics bring. The difficulty with which the average adult achieves the simplest rhythmic exercises is only less surprising than the speed with which he acquires muscular con-

trol and freedom. And it is just the lack of that muscular and nervous freedom which keeps him from the poise and relaxation necessary to truly rhythmic realization of even the simplest music. Take a simple rhythmic problem: the simultaneous division of a given time unit into two and three equal parts. By dint of great effort of the will and considerable muscular and nervous tension, the average piano student stumbles through such passages of three-against-two. But he has never really learned the solution, of course, until he can effect it without any tension or conflict; and his body has been so completely excluded from participation in the solution of rhythmic problems that he does not really know whether the muscles of his wrist or arm or shoulder are relaxed or not. But set him to running the three's and clapping the two's against them and if there is the slightest conflict it will show in a dozen ways—lack of balance, unevenness of steps, tension in the arms—so that his clapping is frenzied and explosive instead of natural and relaxed. Moreover, the amplex of the movements in the eurythmics class is itself an aid toward muscular freedom—as contrasted with the narrow and too often cramped movements at an instrument.

The Dalcroze system began as a musical training, and its musical importance seems to me fundamental—above all for musical novices, both children and adults, as an aid to and foundation for their musical development, either as listeners or as performers. But with its musical advantages it combines important physical benefits. It does not aim directly at an aesthetic result, like the Wigman system; or directly at physical development, like Mensendieck; but for one whose interests are chiefly musical, it offers an exceptional opportunity for development in both the latter directions, simultaneously with and incidental to its musical advantages. It is no more dancing than it is piano-playing, or listening to music; for all three activities the joint participation of mind and body is essential, and to all three Dalcroze work seems to me an important preliminary and aid.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

O'Neill Again

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" continues to fill the Guild Theater, but several readers, less enthusiastic than I, have written to point out various alleged defects which I failed to observe in Mr. O'Neill's play. One, for example, devotes no less than five typewritten pages to complain that "Electra" is "too long." Another, somewhat more consistent, writes as follows: "Mr. Krutch implies that O'Neill lacks only language to make him almost the equal of Shakespeare; Shaw contends that language is Shakespeare's only greatness. Put the two together and what do you get?" You get, of course, a very striking illustration of how wrong Shaw can be.

Still others, failing to remember either Shakespeare or the Greeks, argue that a great play must have an original plot, or that any so-called tragedy which contains much violence must be, of necessity, no more than "mere melodrama." But the commonest complaint seems to be pointed directly at me, since no less than three correspondents have written letters whose burden may be summarized as follows: In "The Modern Temper" you contended that genuine tragedy could not be written today because we had lost the necessary sense of man's intrinsic greatness. Yet you imply that O'Neill's play is genuine tragedy for the reason that it does celebrate just that greatness. You cannot possibly have been right on both occasions, and we wait

only to learn which of your words you are now prepared to eat.


The point is a good one, and I am glad to confess that what I wrote about O'Neill was written with the full consciousness of the fact that the point was raised. It is true that one swallow does not make a summer, and it is true also that O'Neill's language weighs him down for the very reason that he is a modern. But I admire his play just because it does come nearer than the work of any other recent dramatist to the spirit of the great tragedies, and I shall admire his next play even more if it proves, by equaling the greatest works of the past, that a modern poet has learned how to reconcile his intellectual comprehension of man with that need to believe him magnificent to which tragedy ministers. I shall still have the personal satisfaction of believing that I was correct in my diagnosis of the difficulty behind the failure of most modern attempts at tragedy, but I shall be very glad to confess that the solution of the difficulty was nearer at hand than I had supposed.

Certainly no reconsideration of "Mourning Becomes Electra" inclines me to believe either that I spoke of it with praise too high, or that the reasons which I gave for my enthusiasm were improperly chosen. I did not call it "better than Shakespeare" or even as good, but the impression which it made is as vivid as it was when I left the theater, and what I remember is still the stature of the persons concerned. Most modern realistic drama endeavors to compensate for the insignificance of its characters by involving them in complications which state some contemporary "problem," or by suggesting that the characters are important because they are so "typical." Most modern attempts to achieve any sort of emotional amplitude depend, on the other hand, upon the effort to reemploy some romantic or pietistic attitude which has become an anachronism. But O'Neill does neither of these things. He deals with no contemporary problem and he does not ask us to accept any standards not universally current. Yet far from making us question the significance of his people, he makes us accept that significance as something self-evident. Their passions move and their fates concern us because the magnitude of the persons has been put beyond question. "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" Nothing yet everything, and it is characteristic of the really great works of literature that just that must be said of them. They do not argue concerning the nobility of man or the significance of life. They demonstrate it.

I must add also that I cannot feel the force of the argument raised by those who condemn the play for its psychoanalytical undercurrent. It contains no exposition of any intellectual theory, and if it is understandable in terms of certain hypotheses which have become a part of our mental equipment, I cannot see that there is anything strange or unfortunate in the fact. O'Neill, like Sophocles, is concerned with events which might occur in ancient Greece or in modern New England, but while the motives behind such deeds were quasi-normal in one society they are less so in the other, and the problem is merely the problem of understanding the people who commit them. We understand in terms of current conceptions, and there is no more reason for objecting to the fact that this play implies psychoanalysis than there would be for objecting to Greek tragedy because it implies the Greek religion. An audience must comprehend in the terms with which it is familiar, and the modern audience is familiar with Freudian terms.

No event of the week requires much comment, although "Robin Hood" (Erlanger Theater) is a worthy addition to the light-opera revivals of the Aborn Opera Company. "East of Broadway" (Belmont Theater) is a comedy-drama of Jewish life with some amusing moments, but is intended for only a very naive audience.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



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Films

Propaganda

SINCE the American movie can seldom be accused of carrying propaganda for anything more civilized than the ambition to be rich, "The Man I Killed" (Criterion Theater) is important and refreshing. The theme of Ernst Lubitsch's latest work is the lumbering cruelty and blind stupidity, on an enormous scale, of war in relation to its human victims, who wish most of all to go on living and to experience the ordinary satisfactions of life. The picture that Lubitsch creates of the little German town after the war and of the people who live in it is completely real and very moving. The character that Lionel Barrymore brings to life, of the father grieving for the death of his only son, is unforgettable—in only two or three minor scenes he betrayed into that lack of restraint that often mars his really fine acting. Nancy Carroll handles a rather quiet role with competence. Phillips Holmes, in my opinion, weakens the force of the story. He plays the part of the young Frenchman whose conscience will not let him rest, who finally hits upon the solution of seeking out the parents of the man he killed and confessing his crime, only to find that it is impossible to shatter their pathetic joy in their mistaken conclusion that he is the friend and not the murderer of the dead son. More because of his physical appearance than by any deliberate acting, Holmes gives throughout the impression of a weak boy gone neurotic. A normal person unnerved by the insanity of war would have been just as believable and much more effective from the pacifist point of view which informs the picture.

It need hardly be pointed out that the plot of "The Man I Killed" is far-fetched. Also, it has the synthetic quality which

distinguishes propaganda from art. Nevertheless, it is effective as a poster is effective.

The strength of Lubitsch as a director lies in his talent for significant detail which brings his characters and his settings to life. The meeting of the two mothers in the cemetery is an excellent example of his art. His weakness is a lack of restraint in piling up detail to the point of submerging both effect and character. Throughout the present picture he bears down too heavily on every ironic or pathetic touch. In the restaurant scene, for instance, the father, who finds his old friends come because he has been entertaining a Frenchman in his home, launches into a peroration in which he demonstrates that it is the fathers and not the French who are the real murderers of their sons. It is an excellent speech, but it is rendered superfluous and stagy by the scene which immediately follows it. Outside the restaurant, the father hears, in memory, the passing feet of his son's regiment. In tones of heartbroken bitterness he says, "My son was marching to his death—and I cheered."

The other important film event to be noted is also propaganda, less artistically handled. "The Road to Life" (Cameo Theater), the first Russian talking film, is, like most Russian pictures, an educational tract, but it is not up to the standard of its predecessors. The photography is very uneven. Like the plot, it shifts from melodramatic blacks and whites to the subtler shades of realism and back again at the sacrifice of coherence and unity. The sequence of the stolen spoons is real; the building of a railroad by a crowd of former wild boys with the help of no visible engineer is not convincing. As for the Russian dialogue, it sounds as if it were a great deal more subtle and humorous than Michael Gold's acutely class-conscious captions in English would indicate. The acting is adequate but not exceptional. Despite all these handicaps, however, the picture is very much worth seeing, if only for that quality of eager and fresh life that pours into and out of every activity that new Russia engages in.

MARGARET MARSHALL

HUNGER AND LOVE

A novel by Lionel Britton

Introduction by Bertrand Russell

BERTRAND RUSSELL, BERNARD SHAW, ARNOLD BENNETT, LAURENCE STALLINGS and UPTON SINCLAIR are a few of those who praise this novel extravagantly.

UPTON SINCLAIR avers: It is the thing I have been waiting for some twenty-five years—that is to say a really great book by a proletarian writer of the new generation in Great Britain . . . This book is great in the fullest sense of the much abused word. It has the divine rage of genius; it has the revolutionary fire and, at the same time, a world-embracing grasp.

This novel, the story of Arthur Phelps' attempt to gain a mind, has set England agog; it is now in its third printing there. The present publishers, who acquired the rights to this novel from Harper and Brothers, have reissued it at \$3.00 instead of \$4.00. They are convinced that HUNGER AND LOVE is destined to take its place with the great literature of all time.

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HORACE GREGORY, author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," has recently published a translation of Catullus.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN has written a book on the James family to be published next fall.

FRANCES FROST is the author of a book of verse, "Blue Harvest."

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MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, who was closely connected with the dadaist and surrealist movements in France during their early days, is the author of "Jean Jacques Rousseau."

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